McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

OLSON & GILBERT, Proprietors. Terms: $1.25 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. XXXII. SMETHPORT, McKEAN COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1895. NO. 2.

Official Directory

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Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—L. A. Watres.
State Treasurer—Samuel M. Jackson.
Auditor General—David McM Gregg.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

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Constable—H. L. Hollingame.
School Directors—E. L. Keenan, F. W. Brownell, T. A. Morrison, E. E. Mayo, S. J. Gifford, W. D. Walton.
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Ass't Assessors—D. C. Young, Wm. Kamer.
Auditors—Geo. E. Brownell.
Judge of Election—J. C. Backus.
Inspectors of Election—E. F. Waller, John ...

TERMS OF COURT FOR 1895.

Jan 8, Argument.	Jan 21, Civil List.
Feb. 11, Civil List.	Feb. 25, Regular Term.
March 12, Argument.	
April 15, Civil List.	
May 13, License.	May 14, Argument.
June 3, Regular Term.	
Sept. 3, Argument.	Sept. 9, Civil List.
Oct. 7, Regular Term.	Oct. 28, Argument.
Nov. 11, Civil List.	
Dec. 2, Regular Term.	

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. E. BROWNELL, W. M.
J. A. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
C. A. BURDICK, N. G.
J. C. GALLUP, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
T. H. GARITY, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
T. A. MORRISON, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoons at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. SARAH M. VICKERY, Prest.
MRS. LIZZIE CHAMBERS, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meet 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. L. KNAPP, Em. Com.
H. T. DOWNEY, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 122, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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SHERIDAN GORTON, Recorder.

E. A. U.—Smethport Union, No. 595, meets on Second and Fourth Wednesday evenings each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
E. L. KEENAN, President.
MAN. S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 3, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block.
W. O. HOLDEN, Com.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
MRS. W. K. GIFFORD, Com.
MRS. JUDITH PRATT, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Prest.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. D. L. FORSYTHE, Prest.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
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MRS. WM. MARSH, Sec'y.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—JOHN WENTWORTH HAMMOND, A. M., Pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young People and Teachers' meeting Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist—REV. G. W. HALLIWELL, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. HEBER McCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER McCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:00 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—J. J. GALLIGAN, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 by Rev. A. Brounson. Sabbath school immediately after the preaching.

Calvary—F. W. MYNARD, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Class Meeting 10 a. m. and after evening preaching. Children's Meeting Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

German church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

R. B. Stone.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pompelon Hall, Bradford, Pa.

J. W. Houton.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over M. Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Berry & Edgett.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Rooms 5 and 6½ Berry & Melvin Block, Bradford, Pa.

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Hamlin & Forrest.
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Offices of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office with J. W. Boston, Rice Building, Smethport, Pa. Collections a specialty.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

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Mullin & Mullin.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa.

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A. M. HOCK.
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Office: COUDERSPORT, PA.
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Physicians.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in E. B. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

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HOTELS.

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JNO. C. BRENEMAN, Prop.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a, B. F. Wright, Proprietor.
This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

Hotel La Mont,
RECENTLY ENLARGED
Fraley St. Kane, Penna
RICK DONOVAN, - - PROPRIETOR.
The LaMont is located four doors from the depot, and is equipped with all conveniences for the comfort of guests.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY PA
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. R. KING, PROPRIETOR.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
GEO P BABCOCK, Prop
UNION St., OPPOSITE PARK,
OLEAN, N Y
Having taken possession of the above Hotel I am prepared to entertain my old friends, and new ones as well in the proper manner. Come and see me.

CROWELL HOUSE,
COUDERSPORT, PA
WM. M. VANBUREN, Proprietor
First-class accommodations.
Free Bus to and from all trains.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.
Oct. 19, 1894.—ly

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
MT JEWETT, PA.
E. W. LONG, Proprietor
This is the only brick hotel in the town. Tables supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Porter at every train. 31-29-ly

W. C. ROCKWELL,
"THE FLORIST."
BRADFORD, PA.
Cut Flowers for Weddings, Parties and Funerals
TELEPHONE 120

H. C. WELLS,
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST,
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,
Smethport, Pa.,
Dealer in all kinds of Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Trusses and all Appliances for Surgical uses.
Stationery of all kinds.
A full line of Books.
The finest line of Perfume I can buy.
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Prescriptions carefully compounded by the only Graduated Pharmacist in the Town.
H. C. WELLS,
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Manufacturer of
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CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, PA.

INSURANCE
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT PA
In good, reliable companies.

"TO MAKE THINGS HUM."

J. N. Adam & Co. Are Going to "Wake Buffalo Folks Up."

When a firm as progressive as J. N. Adam & Co. take an entire page in the Courier to tell how they purpose to dispel the January dullness from their store it is a good plan to start down town right away. What woman who knows what things are worth can read these lines with indifference?

"Dwight Anchor Muslin at 4c. per yard."
"Pillow-cases of bleached cotton, made and hemmed 5c."
"Sheets of heavy cotton, made and hemmed, 81x90 inches, 35c."
"Cotton Crash, bleached and brown, 3c. per yard."
"75 pairs White Blankets, full size, for 90c. per pair."
"50 All-white Fringed Lunch Cloths, 45 inches square for 25c. each."
"$1.25 All-silk Moire Antiques at 64c. per yard."
"$2 Black Silk Velvet at 94c. per yard."
"Fancy Imitation Shell Hair Pins at 12c."
"$1.50 Pique Gloves, 4-button length, in the popular English red shades, at 79c. per pair."

And seven solid columns of just such magnetic bargains as these.

This great January sale, which opens today is more than an occasion—it is an event. The firm have been visiting great mills in person, interviewing manufacturers in their offices, ransacking the wholesale market, the jobbing houses, the publishing houses, and the importers' warehouses. With ready check book they have announced themselves ready to take large lots of desirable goods at low figures and in many cases the possession of "spot cash" has enabled them to buy so advantageously that they can well afford to favor their retail customers with prices nearly below the ordinary wholesale figures. Hence this great sale.

The Muslin Underwear and Corset Sale always an event of midwinter begins simultaneously with the general sale this year with prices so low that few women can see where the utility of the family sewing machine comes in. A great many tables are piled high with snowy garments of fine muslin, good cambric and soft nainsook, all dainty with lace and embroidery. And still other tables contain great piles of children's dresses and undergarments.

On the cloak and boys clothing departments the annual January mark-down multiplies the opportunities for money saving and many a woman will secure a cloak for herself and an overcoat for her boy at less expense for the two garments than the cost of either one early in the season.

In some other cities January is the great carpet month of the year, and this season J. N. Adam & Co. are going to test the potency of low prices to give trade an early start. Hence they announce "Smith's $1.25 Axminsters at 90c. per yard." "Smith's Moquettes, any pattern in stock at 80c." "Lowell's Five-frame Lofty Brussels Carpets for 80c." "Best to-wire Tapestry Carpets at 61½c." "Lowells and Hartford 3 ply Ingrain at 49c." and other grades at corresponding prices. This ought to lead frugal women to anticipate the spring house-cleaning and take time by the forelock.

But all the bargains are not intended for the women. To get the men excited also J. N. Adam & Co. offer among other things "196 dozen Men's White Shirts, with 3 ply linen bosoms, good cotton 14 to 17 inch necks at 29c. each." Likewise fine shirts at 49c. and shirts equal to custom make at 69c. They will stir things up also with 10 styles of 15c linen collars at 5c each.

And what a harvest the book buyer will have! All that remains of the immense mountain of literature bought for the holiday trade will go on the tables at such prices as "5c for Taine's English Literature complete in 716 pages." "39c for the matchless Masterpieces of Modern Art." "10c for 100 Lessons in Business." "18c for any volume in the Oxford Series" or "25c for any two volumes in the Avon Series."

Upstairs and downstairs in north store and south store—bargains worth coming miles to get at every counter and on every table.

The only restriction made by the progressive firm is the announcement that goods will be sold at the January Sale Prices in retail quantities only. This is to prevent peddlers, small dealers, and others from taking large lots, and then cut off the regular patrons of the store from their full share of the good things intended for their benefit.—*From the Buffalo Courier.*

Private.. ...Brown

And his interesting and thrilling adventures at a frontier military post, as related by



Capt. Jack Crawford,

are worthy of the closest attention of our readers. It is highly entertaining, and, being written by a man who has spent many years on the frontier as a government scout, is true to nature.

Will Begin in Our Next Issue.

ASK YOUR HORSESHOER FOR THE NEVERSLIP THE ONLY SHOE FOR WINTER USE.

It ABSOLUTELY prevents slipping, and insures perfect safety and comfort to horse and driver.

Shod with the "Neverslip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly remove the shoes for sharpening.

The CALKS are REMOVABLE,
Steel-Centered and SELF-SHARPENING

When worn out new Calks can be easily inserted without removing shoes, saving an immense amount of time usually lost at the blacksmith shop.

On receipt of postal will mail free our descriptive circular containing prices of Calked Shoes, ready to be nailed on, for trial, offered this winter at very low prices.

The Pickett Hardware Co., Limited,
WARREN, PA.,
DEALERS IN
Hardware, Blacksmith's Supplies etc.
Sole Agents McKean County.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla wins its way into the confidence of the people by the good it is doing. Fair trials guarantee permanent CURES.

The Sheriff of Siskyou.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER I.

On the 15th of August, 1854, what seemed to be the entire population of Wynyard's Bar was collected upon a little bluff which overlooked the rude wagon road that was the only approach to the settlement. In general appearance the men differed but little from ordinary miners, although the foreign element—shown in certain Spanish peculiarities of dress and color—predominated, and some of the men were further distinguished by the delicacy of education and sedentary pursuits. Yet Wynyard's Bar was a city of refuge and comprised among its inhabitants a number who were "wanted" by the state authorities, and its actual attitude at that moment was one of open rebellion against the legal power and of particular resistance to the apprehension by warrant of one of its prominent members. This gentleman, Major Overstone, then astride of a gray mustang and directing the movements of the crowd, had a few days before killed the sheriff of Siskyou county, who had attempted to arrest him for the double offense of misappropriating certain corporate funds of the state and the shooting of the editor who had imprudently exposed him. The lesser crime of homicide might have been overlooked by the authorities, but its repetition upon the body of their own overzealous and misguided official could not pass unchallenged if they expected to arrest Overstone for the more serious offense against property. So it was known that a new sheriff had been appointed and was coming to Wynyard's Bar with an armed posse. But it was also understood that this invasion would be resisted by the Bar to its last man.

All eyes were turned upon a fringe of laurel and butternut that encroached upon the road half a mile away, where it seemed that such of the inhabitants as were missing from the bluff were bidden to give warning or retard the approach of the posse. A gray haze slowly rising between the fringe and the distant hillside was recognized as the dust of a cavalcade passing along the invisible highway. In the hush of expectancy that followed the irregular clatter of hoofs, the sharp crack of a rifle and a sudden halt were faintly audible. The men scattered in groups on the bluff, exchanged a smile of grim satisfaction.

Not so their leader. A quick start and an oath attracted attention to him. To their surprise, he was looking in another direction, but as they looked, too, they saw and understood the cause. A file of horsemen, hitherto undetected, were slowly passing along the little ridge on their right. Their compact accouterments and the yellow braid on their blue jackets, distinctly seen at that distance, showed them to be an escort of United States cavalry.

Before the assemblage could realize this new invasion a nearer clatter of hoofs was heard along the highroad, and one of the ambuscading party dashed up from the fringe of woods below. His face was flushed, but triumphant.

"A reg'lar skunk, by the living hokey!" he panted, pointing to the faint haze that was again slowly rising above the invisible road. "They backed down as soon as they saw our hand and got a hole through their new sheriff's hat. But what are you lookin at? What's up?"

The leader impatiently pointed with a darkening face to the file.

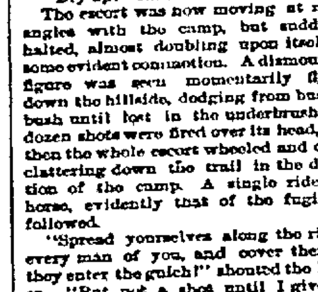
"Reg'lars, by gum!" ejaculated the other. "But Uncle Sam ain't in this game! Wot right have they"—

"Dry up!" said the leader.

The escort was now moving at right angles with the camp, but suddenly halted, almost doubling upon itself in some evident commotion. A dismounted figure was seen momentarily flying down the hillside, dodging from bush to bush until lost in the underbrush. A dozen shots were fired over its head, and then the whole escort wheeled and came clattering down the trail in the direction of the camp. A single riderless horse, evidently that of the fugitive, followed.

"Spread yourselves along the ridge, every man of you, and cover them as they enter the gulch!" shouted the leader. "But not a shot until I give the word. Scatter!"

The assemblage dispersed like a startled village of prairie dogs, squatting behind every available bush and rock



"One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward.

along the line of bluff. The leader alone trotted quietly to the head of the gulch. The nine cavalrymen came smartly up in twos, a young officer leading. The single figure of Major Overstone opposed them with a command to halt. Looking up, the young officer drew rein, said a word to his file leader, and the four files closed in a compact square, motionless, on the road. The young officer's unsworded hand hung quietly at his thigh. The men's unslung carbines rested easily on their saddles. Yet at that moment every man of them knew that they were covered by a hundred rifles and shotguns leveled from every bush, and that they were caught helplessly in a trap.

"Since when," said Major Overstone, with an affectation of tone and manner different from that in which he had addressed his previous companions, "have the Ninth United States cavalry helped to serve a state court's pettifogging process?"

"We are hunting a deserter—a half breed agent—who has just escaped us," returned the officer. His voice was boyish. So, too, was his figure in its slim, cadetlike smartness of belted tunic, but very quiet and level, although his face was still flushed with the shock and shame of his surprise.

The relaxation of relief went through the wrought and waiting camp. The soldiers were not seeking them. Ready as these desperate men had been to do their leader's bidding, they were well aware that a momentary victory over the troopers would not pass unpunished and meant the ultimate dispersion of the camp, and quiet as these innocent invaders seemed to be they would no doubt sell their lives dearly. The embattled desperadoes glanced anxiously at their leader. The soldiers, on the contrary, looked straight before them.

"Process or no process," said Major Overstone, with a sneer, "you've come to the last place to recover your deserters. We don't give up men in Wynyard's Bar. And they didn't teach you at the academy, sir, to stop to take prisoners when you were outflanked and outnumbered."

"Bedad, they didn't teach you, Captain Overstone, to engage a battery at Cerro Gordo with a half company, but you did it. More shame to you now, sir, commandin the thaves and ruffians you do."

"Silence!" said the young officer.

The sleeve of the sergeant who had spoken—with the chevrons of long service upon it—went up to a salute and dropped again over his carbine as he stared stolidly before him. But his shot had told. A flush of mingled pride and shame passed over Overstone's face.

"Oh, it's you, Murphy!" he said, with an affected laugh, "and you haven't improved in discipline with your stripes."

The young officer turned his head slightly.

"Attention!"

"One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward. "I have told you that we don't give up any man who seeks our protection. But," he added, with a half careless, half contemptuous wave of his hand and a significant glance at his followers, "we don't prevent you from seeking him. The road is clear. The camp is before you."

The young officer continued without looking at him. "Forward—in two files—open order. Ma-arch!"

The little troop moved forward, passed Major Overstone at the head of the gully and spread out on the hillside. The assembled camp, still armed, lounging out of ambush here and there, ironically made way for them to pass. A few moments of this farcical quest and a glance at the impenetrably wooded heights around apparently satisfied the young officer, and he turned his files again into the gully. Major Overstone was still lingering there.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said grimly. He then paused and in a changed and more hesitating voice added, "I am an older soldier than you, sir, but I am always glad to make the acquaintance of West Point." He paused and held out his hand.

West Point, still red and rigid, glanced at him with bright, clear eyes under light lashes and the peak of a smartly cocked cap, looked coolly at the proffered hand, raised his own to a stiff salute, said, "Good afternoon, sir," and rode away.

Major Overstone wheeled angrily, but in doing so came sharply upon his coadjutor, the leader of the ambushed party.

"Well, Dawson," he said impatiently, "who was it?"

"Only one of them d——d half breed Injin agents. He's just over there in the brush with Simpson, lying low till the soldiers clear out."

"Did you talk to him?"

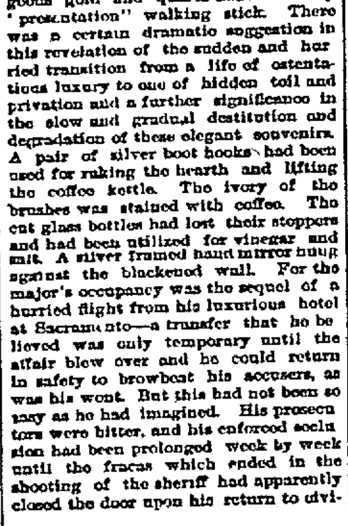
"Not much!" returned Dawson scornfully. "He ain't my style."

"Fetch him up to my cabin. He may be of some use to us."

Dawson looked skeptical. "I reckon he ain't no more gain here than he was over there," he said and turned away.

CHAPTER II.

The cabin of Major Overstone differed outwardly but little from those of his companions. It was the usual structure of logs, laid lengthwise and rudely plastered at each point of contact with adobe, the material from which the chimney, which entirely occupied one gable, was built. It was pierced with two windows and a door, roofed with smaller logs and thatched with long half cylinders and spruce bark. But the interior gave certain indications of the distinction as well as the peculiar experiences of its occupant. In place of the usual bunk or berth built against the wall stood a small folding camp bedstead, and upon a rude deal table that held a tin washbasin and pail lay two ivory handled brushes, combs and other elegant toilet articles, evidently the contents of the major's dressing bag. A handsome leather trunk occupied one corner, with a richly caparisoned silver mounted Mexican saddle, a mahogany case of dueling pistols, a leather hatbox locked and strapped, and a gorgeous gold and quartz handled ebony "presentation" walking stick. There was a certain dramatic suggestion in this revelation of the sudden and hurried transition from a life of ostentatious luxury to one of hidden toil and privation and a further significance in the slow and gradual destitution and degradation of these elegant souvenirs. A pair of silver boot hooks had been used for raking the hearth and lifting the coffee kettle. The ivory of the brushes was stained with coffee. The cut glass bottles had lost their stoppers and had been utilized for vinegar and salt. A silver framed hand mirror hung against the blackened wall. For the major's occupancy was the sequel of a hurried flight from his luxurious hotel at Sacramento—a transfer that he believed was only temporary until the affair blew over and he could return in safety to browbeat his accusers, as was his wont. But this had not been so easy as he had imagined. His prosecutors were bitter, and his enforced seclusion had been prolonged week by week until the fracas which ended in the shooting of the sheriff had apparently closed the door upon his return to civi-



A figure darkened the doorway.

lization forever. Only here was his life and person secure. For Wynyard's Bar had quickly succumbed to the domination of his reckless courage, and the eminence of his double crime had made him respected among spendthrifts, gamblers and gentlemen whose performances had never risen above a stage coach robbery or a single assassination. Even criticism of his faded luxuries had been delicately withheld.

He was leaning over his open trunk—which the camp popularly supposed to contain state bonds and securities of fabulous amount—and had taken some letters from it when a figure darkened the doorway. He looked up, laying his papers carelessly aside. Within Wynyard's Bar property was sacred.

It was the late fugitive. Although some hours had already elapsed since his arrival in camp and he had presumably refreshed himself inwardly, his outward appearance was still disheveled and dusty. Brier and milkwood clung to his frayed blouse and trousers. What could be seen of the skin of his face and hands under its stains and begriming was of a dull yellow. His light eyes had all the brightness without the restlessness of the mongrel race. They leisurely took in the whole cabin, the still open trunk before the major, and then rested deliberately on the major himself.

"Well," said Major Overstone abruptly, "what brought you here?"

"Same as brought you, I reckon," responded the man almost as abruptly.

The major knew something of the half breed temper, and neither the retort nor its tone affected him.

"You didn't come here just because you deserted," said the major coolly. "You've been up to something else."

"I have," said the man, with equal coolness.

"I thought so. Now, you understand, you can't try anything of the kind here. If you do, up you go on the first tree. That's rule 1."

"I see. You ain't portickler about waiting for the sheriff here, you fellers."

The major glanced at him quickly. He seemed to be quite unconscious of any irony in his remark and continued grimly, "And what's rule 2?"

"I reckon you needn't trouble yourself beyond No. 1," returned the major, with dry significance. Nevertheless he opened a rude cupboard in the corner and brought out a rich, silver mounted cut glass drinking flask, which he handed to the stranger.

"I say!" said the half breed admiringly. "Yours?"

"Certainly."

"Certainly now—but before, eh?"

Rule No. 2 may have indicated that references to the past held no dishonor. The major, although accustomed to these pleasantries, laughed a little harshly.

"Mine always," he said. "But you don't drink?"

The half breed's face darkened under its grime. "Wot yo're givin us? I've been filled chock up by Simpson over thar. I reckon I know when I've got a load on."

"Were you ever in Sacramento?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last week."

"Did you hear anything about me?"

The half breed glanced through his tangled hair at the major in some wonder, not only at the question, but at the almost childish eagerness with which it was asked.

"I didn't hear much of anything else," he answered grimly.

"And—what did they say?"

"Said you'd got to be took anyhow. They allowed the new sheriff would do it too."

The major laughed. "Well, you heard how the new sheriff did it—skunked away with his whole posse before one-eighth of my men. You saw how the rest of this camp held up your nine troopers and that sapheaded cub of a lieutenant, didn't you? You wouldn't have been standing here if you hadn't. No. There isn't the civil process nor the civil power in all California that can take me out of this camp."

But neither his previous curiosity nor present bravado seemed to impress the ragged stranger with much favor. He glanced sulkily around the cabin and began to shuffle toward the door.

"Stop! Where are you going to? Sit down. I want to talk to you."

The fugitive hesitated for a moment and then dropped ungraciously on the edge of a camp stool near the door. The major looked at him.

"I may have to remind you that I run this camp, and the boys hereabouts do pretty much as I say. What's your name?"

"Tom."

"Tom? Well, look here, Tom! D—n it all! Can't you see that when a man is stuck here alone, as I am, he wants to know what's going on outside and hear a little fresh talk?"

The singular weakness of this blended command and appeal apparently struck the fugitive curiously. He fixed his lowering eyes on the major as if in gloomy doubt if he were really the reckless desperado he had been represented. That this man—twice an assassin and the ruler of outlaws as reckless as himself—should approach him in this half confidential way evidently puzzled him.

"Wot you wanter know?" he asked gruffly.

"Well, what's my party saying or doing about me?" said the major impatiently. "What's The Express saying about me?"

"I reckon they're throwing off on you all round. They allow you never represented the party, but worked for yourself," said the man shortly.

Here the major lashed out. A set of traitors and hirelings! He had bought and paid for them all. He had sunk $3,000 in The Express and saved the editor from being horsewhipped and jailed for libel. Half the cursed bonds that they were making such a blanked fuss about were handled by these hypocrites, blank them! They were a low lived crew of thieves and deserters. It is presumed that the major had forgotten himself in this infelicitous selection of epithets, but the stranger's face only relaxed into a grim smile. More than that, the major had apparently forgotten his desire to hear his guest talk, for he himself at once launched into an elaborate exposition of his own affairs and a specious and equally elaborate defense and justification of himself and denunciation of his accusers. For nearly half an hour he reviewed step by step and detail by detail the charges against him, with plausible explanation and sophistical argument—always with a singular prolixity and reiteration that spoke of incessant consciousness and self abstraction. Of that dashing self sufficiency which had dazzled his friends and awed his enemies there was no trace. At last even the set smile of the degraded recipient of these confidences darkened with a dull, bewildered disgust. Then, to his relief, a step was heard without. The major's manner instantly changed.

"Well," he demanded impatiently as Dawson entered.

"I came to know what you want done with him," said Dawson, indicating the fugitive with a contemptuous finger.

"Take him to your cabin."

"My cabin! Him!" ejaculated Dawson, turning sharply on his chief.

The major's light eyes contracted, and his thin lips became a straight line. "I don't think you understand me, Dawson, and another time you'd better wait until I've done. I want you to take him to your cabin and then clear out of it yourself. You understand? I want him near me and alone."

Dawson was not astonished the next morning to see Major Overstone and the half breed walking together down the gully road, for he had already come to the conclusion that the major was planning some extraordinary reprisal against the invaders that would insure the perpetual security of the camp. That he should use so insignificant and unimportant a tool now appeared to him to be quite natural, particularly as the service was probably one in which the man would be sacrificed. "The major," he suggested to his companions, "ain't going to risk a white man's skin when he can get an Injin's hide handy."

The reluctant, hesitating step of the half breed as they walked along seemed to give some color to this hypothesis. He listened sullenly to the major as he pointed out the strategic position of the Bar. "That wagon road is the only approach to Wynyard's, and a dozen men along the rocks could hold it against a hundred. The trail that you came by over the ridge drops straight into this gully, and you saw what that would mean to any blanked fools who might try it. Of course we could be shelled from that ridge if the sheriff had a howitzer or the men also knew how to work one, but even then we could occupy the ridge before them." He paused a moment and then added: "I used to be in the army, Tom. I saw service in Mexico before that cub you got away from had his first trousers. I was brought up as a gentleman—blank it all!—and here I am."

The man slouched on by his side, casting his surly, furtive glances from left to right as if seeking to escape from these confidences. Nevertheless the major kept on through the gully until reaching the wagon road they crossed it and began to ascend the opposite slope, half hidden by the underbrush and larches. Here the major paused again and faced about. The cabins of the settlement were already behind the bluff. The little stream which indicated the "bar," on which some perfunctory mining was still continued, now and then rang out quite clearly at their feet, although the bar itself had disappeared. The sounds of occupation and labor had at last died out in the distance. They were quite alone. The major sat down on a bowlder and pointed to another. The man, however, remained sullenly standing where he was, as if to accent as strongly as possible the enforced companionship. Either the major was too self absorbed to notice it or accepted it as a satisfactory characteristic of the half breed race. He continued confidently:

"Now, look here, Tom! I want to leave this cursed hole and get clear out of the state. Anywhere—over the Oregon line into British Columbia or to the coast, where I can get a coasting vessel down to Mexico. It will cost money, but I've got it. It will cost a lot of risks, but I'll take them. I want somebody to help me—some one to share risks with me and some one to share my luck if I succeed. Help to put me on the other side of the border line by sea or land, and I'll give you $1,000 down before we start and $1,000 when I'm safe."

The half breed had changed his slouching attitude. It seemed more indolent on account of the loosely hanging strap that had once held his haversack, which was still worn in a slovenly fashion over his shoulder, as a kind of lazy sling for his shiftless hand.

"Well, Tom, is it a go? You can trust me, for you'll have the thousand in your pocket before you start. I can trust you, for I'll kill you quicker than lightning if you say a word of this to any one before I go or play a single trick on me afterward."

Suddenly the two men were rolling over and over in the underbrush. The half breed had thrown himself upon the major, bearing him down to the ground. The haversack strap for an instant whirled like the loop of a lasso in the air and descended over the major's shoulders, pinioning his arms to his side. Then the half breed, tearing open his ragged blouse, stripped off his waist belt and as dexterously slipped it over the ankles of the struggling man.

It was all over in a moment. Neither had spoken a word. Only their rapid panting broke the profound silence. Each probably knew that no outcry would be heard.

For the first time the half breed sat down. But there was no trace of triumph or satisfaction in his face, which wore the same lowering look of disgust as he gazed upon the prostrate man.

"I want to tell you first," he said, slowly wiping his face, "that I didn't kalkilate upon doin this in this yer kind of way. I expected more of a stand up fight from you—more risk in gettin you out of that hole—and a different kind of a man to tackle. I never expected you to play into my hand like this, and it goes against me to hev to take advantage of it."

"Who are you?" said the major pantingly.

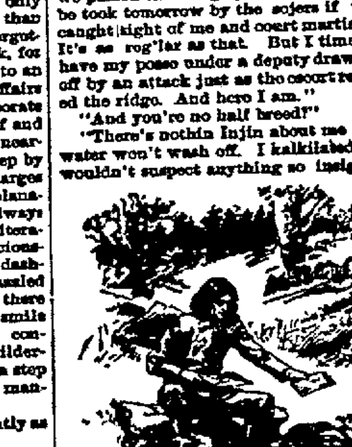
"I'm the new sheriff of Siskyou." He drew from beneath his begrimed shirt a paper wrapping, from which he gingerly extracted with the ends of his dirty fingers a clean legal looking folded paper. "That's my warrant. I've kept it fresh for you. I reckon you don't care to read it. You've seen it afore. It's just the same as t'other sheriff had—what you shot."

"Then this was a plan of yours and that whelp's escort?" said the major.

"Neither him nor the escort knows any more about it than you," returned the sheriff slowly. "I enlisted as Injin guide or scout ten days ago. I deserted just as reg'lar and nat'rallike when we passed that ridge yesterday. I could be took tomorrow by the sojers if they caught sight of me and court martialed. It's as reg'lar as that. But I timed to have my posse under a deputy draw you off by an attack just as the escort reached the ridge. And here I am."

"And you're no half breed?"

"There's nothin Injin about me that water won't wash off. I kalkilated you wouldn't suspect anything so insignifi-



"That's my warrant."

cant as an Injin when I fixed myself up. You see Dawson didn't hanker after me much. But I didn't reckon on your tumbling to me so quick. That's what gets me. You must hev been pretty low down for kompany when you took a man like me inter your confidence. I don't see it yet."

He looked inquiringly at his captive, with the same wondering curtness. Nor could he understand another thing which was evident. After the first shock of resistance the major had exhibited none of the indignation of a betrayed man, but actually seemed to accept the situation with a calmness that his captor lacked. His voice was quite unemotional as he said:

"And how are you going to get me away from here?"

"That's my lookout and needn't trouble you, major, but seeing as how confidential you've been to me I don't mind tellin you. Last night that posse of mine that you 'skunked,' you know, halted at the crossroads till them sojers went by. They had only to see them to know that I had got away. They'll hang round the crossroads till they see my signal on top of the ridge, and then they'll make another show agen that pass. Your men will have their hands full, I reckon, without huntin for you or noticin the three men of mine that will come along this ridge where the sojers come yesterday—to help me get you down in the same way. You see, major, your little trap in that gully ain't in this fight. We're the other side of it. I ain't much of a soldier, but I reckon I've got you there, and it's all owing to you. I ain't," he added gloomily, "takin much pride in it myself."

"I shouldn't think you would," said the major. "And look here! I'll double that offer I made you just now. Set me down just as I am on the deck of some coasting vessel, and I'll pay you $4,000. You may have all the glory of having captured me here and of making your word good before your posse. But you can arrange afterward on the way to let me give you the slip somewhere near Sacramento."

The sheriff's face actually brightened. "Thanks for that, major. I was gettin a little sick of my share in this job; but, by God, you've put some sand in me. Well, then, there ain't gold enough in all Californy to make me let you go. You hear me? So drop that. I've took you and took yo'll remain until I land you in Sacramento jail. I don't want to kill you, though your life's forfeit a dozen times over, and I reckon you don't care for it either way, but if you try any tricks on me I may have to maim you to make you come along comf'table and easy. I ain't hankerin arter that either, but come you shall."

"Give your signal and have an end of this," said the major curtly.

The sheriff looked at him again curiously. "I never had my hands in another man's pockets before, major, but I reckon I'll have to take your derringers from yours." He slipped his hand into the major's waistcoat and secured the weapons. "I'll have to trouble you for your sash, too," he said, unwinding the knitted silken girdle from the captive's waist. "You won't want it. You ain't walkin, and it'll come in handy to me just now."

He bent over, and passing it across the major's breast with more gentleness and solicitude than he had yet shown secured him in an easy sitting posture against the tree. Then after carefully trying the knots and straps that held his prisoner he turned and lightly bound up the hill.

He was absent scarcely ten minutes, yet when he returned the major's eyes were half closed. But not his lips. "If you expect to hold me until your posse comes, you had better take me to some less exposed position," he said dryly. "There's a man just crossed the gully coming into the brush below in the wood."

"None of your tricks, major."

"Look for yourself."

The sheriff glanced quickly below him. A man with an ax on his shoulder could be seen plainly making his way through the underbrush not a hundred yards away. The sheriff instantly clapped his hand upon his captive's mouth, but at a look from his eyes took it away again.

"I see," he said grimly. "You don't want to lure that man within reach of my revolver by callin to him."

"I could have called him while you were away," returned the major quietly.

The sheriff, with a darkened face, loosened the sash that bound his prisoner to the tree, and then lifting him in his arms began to ascend the hill cautiously, dipping into the heavier shadows. But the ascent was difficult, the load a heavy one, and the sheriff was agile rather than muscular. After a few minutes' climbing he was forced to pause and rest his burden at the foot of a tree. But the valley and the man in the underbrush were no longer in view.

"Come," said the major quietly, "unstrap my ankles, and I'll walk up. We'll never get there at this rate."

The sheriff paused, wiped his grimy face with his grimier blouse and stood looking at his prisoner. Then he said slowly:

"Look yer! Wot's yer little game? Blessed if I kin follow suit."

For the first time the major burst into a rage. "Blast it all! Don't you see that if I'm discovered here—in this way—there's not a man in the Bar who would believe that I walked into your trap—not a man, by God, who wouldn't think it was a trick of yours and mine together."

"Or," interrupted the sheriff, slowly fixing his eyes on his prisoner, "not a man who would ever trust Major Overstone for a leader again."

"Perhaps," said the major unmovedly again. "I don't think either of us would ever get a chance of being trusted again by any one."

The sheriff still kept his eyes fixed on his prisoner, his gloomy face growing darker under its grime. "That ain't the reason, major. Life and death mean much more to you than they do to me in this yer game. I know that you'd kill me quicker nor lightnin if you got the chance. You know that I'm takin you to the gallows."

"The reason is that I want to leave Wynyard's Bar," said the major coolly. "And even this way out of it will suit me."

The sheriff took his revolver from his pocket and deliberately cocked it. Then leaning down he unbuckled the strap from the major's ankles. A wild hope that his incomprehensible captive might seize that moment to develop his real intent; that he might fly, fight or in some way act up to his reckless reputation sustained him for a moment, but in the next proved futile. The major only said, "Thank you, Tom," and stretched his cramped legs.

"Get up and go on," said the sheriff roughly.

The major began to slowly ascend the hill, the sheriff close on his heels, alert, tingling and watchful of every movement. For a few moments this strain upon his faculties seemed to invigorate him, and his gloom relaxed, but presently it became too evident that the prisoner's pinioned arms made it impossible for him to balance or help himself on that steep trail, and once or twice he stumbled and reeled dangerously to one side. With an oath the sheriff caught him and tore from his arms the only remaining bonds that fettered him. "There!" he said savagely. "Go on. We're equal."

Without replying the major continued his ascent. It became steeper as they neared the crest, and at last they were both obliged to drag themselves up by clutching the vines and underbrush. Suddenly the major stopped with a listening gesture. A strange roaring, as of wind or water, was distinctly audible.

"How did you signal?" asked the major abruptly.

"Made a smoke," said the sheriff as abruptly.

"I thought so. Well, you've set the wood on fire."

They both plunged upward again, now quite abreast, vying with each other to reach the summit as if with the one thought only. Already the sting and smart of acrid fumes were in their eyes and nostrils. When they at last stood on level ground again, it was hidden by a thin film of grayish blue haze that seemed to be creeping along it. But above was the clear sky, seen through the interlacing boughs, and to their surprise they who had just come from the breathless, stagnant hillside a fierce wind was blowing. But the roaring was louder than before.

"Unless your three men are already here your game is up," said the major calmly. "The wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and fire."

It was indeed true. In the course of 20 minutes that had elapsed since the sheriff's return the dry and brittle under-



"Go on. It's our only chance."

brush for half a mile on either side had been converted into a sheet of flame which at times rose to a furnace blast through the tall, chimneylike conductors of these shafts, from whose shriveled sides bark was crackling and lighted dead limbs falling in all directions. The whole valley, the gully, the bar, the very hillside they had just left, was blotted out by a creeping, stifling smoke fog that scarcely rose breast high, but was beaten down or cut off cleanly by the violent wind that swept the higher level of the forest. At times this gale became a sirocco in temperature, concentrating its heat in withering blasts which they could not face or focusing its intensity upon some mass of foliage that seemed to shrink at its touch and open a scathed and quivering aisle to its approach. The enormous skeleton of a dead and rotten redwood not 100 yards to their right broke suddenly like a gigantic firework into sparks and flame.

The sheriff had grasped the full meaning of their situation. In spite of his first error—the very carelessness of familiarity—his knowledge of woodcraft was greater than his companion's, and he saw their danger.

"Come," he said quickly, "we must make for an opening, or we shall be caught."

The major smiled in misapprehension.

"Who could catch us here?"

The sheriff pointed to the blazing tree. "That," he said. "In five minutes it will have a posse that will wipe us out."

He caught the major by the arm and rushed him into the smoke and apparently in the direction of the greatest mass of flame. The heat was suffocating, but it struck the major that the more they approached the actual scene of conflagration the heat and smoke became less until he saw that the fire was retreating before them and the following wind. In a few moments their haven of safety—the expanse already burned over—came in sight. Here and there seen dimly through the drifting smoke the scattered embers that still strewed the forest floor in weird, phosphorescent spots, like will-o'-the-wisps. For an instant the major hesitated. The sheriff cast a significant glance behind them.

"Go on. It's our only chance," he said imperatively.

They darted on, skimming the blackened or smoldering surface, which at times struck out spark and flame from their heavier footprints as they passed. Their boots crackled and scorched beneath them. Their shreds of clothing were on fire. Their breathing became more difficult until providentially they fell upon an abrupt, fissurelike depression of the soil which the fire had leaped and into which they blindly plunged and rolled together. A moment of relief and coolness followed as they crept along the fissure, filled with damp and rotting leaves.

"Why not stay here?" said the exhausted prisoner.

"And be roasted like sweet potatoes when those trees catch!" returned the sheriff grimly. "No." Even as he spoke a dropping rain of fire spattered through the leaves from a splintered redwood before overlooked that was now blazing fiercely in the upper wind. A vague and undefinable terror was in the air. The conflagration no longer seemed to obey any rule of direction. They scrambled out of the hollow and again dashed desperately forward.

Beaten, bruised, blackened and smoke grimed, looking less human than the animals who had long since deserted the crest, they at last limped into a "wind opening" in the woods that the fire had skirted. The major sank exhaustedly to the ground. The sheriff threw himself beside him. Their strange relations to each other seemed to have been forgotten. They looked and acted as if they no longer thought of anything beyond the present. And when the sheriff finally arose, and, disappearing for several minutes, brought his hat full of water for his prisoner from a distant spring that they had passed in their flight, he found him where he had left him, unchanged and unmoved.

He took the water gratefully and after a pause fixed his eyes earnestly upon his captor. "I want you to do a favor to me," he said slowly. "I'm not going to offer you a bribe to do it either nor ask you anything that isn't in line with your duty. I think I understand you now if I didn't before. Do you know Briggs' restaurant in Sacramento?"

The sheriff nodded.

"Well, over the restaurant are my private rooms—the finest in Sacramento. Nobody knows it but Briggs, and he has never told. They've been locked ever since I left. I've got the key still in my pocket. Now, when we get to Sacramento instead of taking me straight to jail I want you to hold me there on

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Payable in Advance, one year $1.25; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. If not paid in advance, $1.50 will be charged.

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All communications should be addressed to

OLSON & GILBERT,
Editors and Publishers.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 11, 1895.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

Notice is hereby given that a Republican caucus will be held on Saturday, Jan. 26, 1895, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock p. m. in the different precincts of Keating township.

By order of Committee.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are requested to announce the name of A. T. Stranahan as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

We are requested to announce the name of J. W. Boal, of Farmers Valley, as a candidate for the nomination of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

We are requested to announce the name of John C. Edwards, of Coryville, as candidate for the nomination of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

DAVID B. and Grover C. have shown by their late dinner that they believe in reciprocity.

THE authorities of Europe should take Turkey and put it in China, and then Japan the whole business.

THE appropriation for the post office service, amounting to $89,112,932, passed the House of Representatives on Wednesday.

WILLIAM WALTER TAYLOR, Treasurer of the State of South Dakota, is a defaulter to the tune of $350,000. He has fled to avoid arrest.

THERE is a strong city government in the metropolis of the nation at the present time, and if matters do not go right, it will be no fault of those in authority.

LAST Wednesday, Hon. C. F. Warwick was nominated for Mayor of Philadelphia, in spite of the prediction which had gone forth, that State Senator Penrose was sure of the plum.

IT will be a rather delicate business for Cleveland to turn over his followers and the mugwump contingent to Hill in 1896, even though those two Democratic leaders have patched up a truce.

THE Carlisle currency bill received its death blow in the House on Wednesday by a vote of 124 to 129. The 124 votes were cast by Democrats, while of the 129 votes, 82 were Republicans, 39 Democrats and 8 Populists.

BY the time all the disgruntled and defeated Democratic Congressmen get through hobnobbing the President he will present the appearance of having passed through a threshing machine. The peace and harmony that prevails in the Democratic camp is very pronounced.

GEN. PHILIP S. POST, Congressman from the 10th district of Illinois, died at Washington, D. C., at 4:30 Sunday morning, aged 61 years. General Post was a prominent soldier during the war, and was desperately wounded at the battle of Nashville, Tenn. His death resulted from gastritis.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD'S mother said to her, when she began her social-reform work: "Be quiet, my dear, we are not born to reign, but to wrestle."—*Buffalo Express.* If she is going to wrestle, why don't she follow the example of Dr. Mary Walker and put on pantaloons?

WHEN will wonders cease! Democratic leaders in the United States' Senate are trying their best to arrange matters so that the Senate will be under Republican control. There is not another instance of the kind in our national history, and only goes to show the incompetency of the present leaders of the unterrified.

THE inaugural address of Governor Levi P. Morton was a very able state paper, and we venture the prediction that it will compare favorably, if it does not outrank, others that will be offered this winter. Those who said before election that Morton had no ability, either as a speaker or a writer, will have to haul in their horns.

CONGRESSMAN SIBLEY is seeking renown by manufacturing quaint expressions. His latest was offered this week in Congress, when he attacked the reputation of our great President. He said: "It has come to a time when to be the government of this people requires something more than a combination of brains, belly and brass." Comment is unnecessary.

THE *Legislature* of Michigan did a very meritorious act last week in electing Hon. Julius C. Burrows to the United States Senate. It is a great loss to the lower House of Congress, but what is their loss, will be the Senate's gain, and the Senate being so evenly balanced, it behooves the Republican party to put their brainiest and ablest men to the front.

AND now the dusky queen of Madagascar is trying to get up a flirtation with our great President. The chances are that Queen Lil will not allow anything of the kind. If those charcoal maidens should meet on American soil, the wool question would assume a new phase. The presidential question in this country is in great danger, when royalty begins to flirt with the head of our government. Grover, be careful, or your peace of mind will be ruined forever.

A COMMITTEE from the Western Pennsylvania Press Club, recently organized at Erie, met the representatives of the Western Pennsylvania Editorial Association at Pittsburg yesterday and effected a union of the two organizations. The association cannot help but result in advancing the interests of all concerned in newspaper work in this section of the State. It starts out with practical aims in view, and will have the unanimous support of the entire fraternity.—*Oil City Derrick.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1895—Anything, so that it is a currency bill, is now the cry of the administration to the House. Just why Mr. Cleveland should be so anxious to have the House pass a currency bill of some sort, when he must know, as everybody else does, that no currency bill that can be put through the House will stand even a ghost of a show to get through the Senate, is not apparent; but the fact remains that he is. It was this anxiety that caused him to make friends with Senator Hill, who is now using his influence with Democrats of the House to get a bill passed, going so far as to tell the silver members that the Senate will pass the bill and return it to the House with an amendment providing for the coinage of seignorage on the silver bullion now in the treasury. The Democratic House caucus this afternoon settled nothing, because it was agreed beforehand that it should take no action that would be binding upon anybody, but it begins to look as though the House would pass a bill. No man is in a position, however, to say exactly what its nature will be, or whether it will be the Carlisle bill or one of the many substitutes that will be offered in the House.

The administration is beginning to realize what a serious mistake Secretary Gresham made when he wrote that official letter saying that the differential duty imposed on sugar from countries paying an export bounty on sugar, was a treaty violation. The representatives of all the continental European nations are using that letter as a basis for their protests and threats of retaliation, and there is no hope from Congress.

Complaints against the postage stamps turned out by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing continue to pour into the postoffice department. These complaints are now mostly against the stamps of higher denomination than two cents, and include imperfect perforation, poor finish and inferior designs. Millions of the two cent stamps had to be destroyed because of inferior gumming before that denomination became even fairly satisfactory. Whether any of the stamps of higher denomination, against which the present complaints are directed will have to be destroyed, is a question not yet decided by the department.

The promotion of Hon. J. C. Burrows to the Senate by the Republican legislature of Michigan, gave his friends in Congress much personal pleasure, but when viewed from a strictly party point of view, the gap his departure from the House will leave in the front rank of the heaviest fighters, is not especially pleasing to Republicans, although there are plenty of men more than anxious to take his place.

The retirement of Representative Burrows from the House will leave the contest for the chairmanship of the ways and means committee between the great States of New York and Pennsylvania. It is customary, but not obligatory, for the speaker of the House to name as the chairman of that important committee the senior member of his party on that committee. The custom was ignored by the present speaker, who jumped Mr. Wilson over the head of Mr. Springer and made him chairman. If Speaker Reed follows the custom, Representative Payne, of New York, will be chairman of the committee, if he desires to be, but somehow the impression is strong among Republicans in the House that Representative Dalzell, of Penna., who is next to Mr. Payne on the committee, stands as good, if not a better chance to become its chairman. It would be highly improper for either of these gentlemen to attempt to influence the choice of the speaker, but their colleagues are free to do what they can in that direction, and the good-natured rivalry between the States to secure the chairmanship promises to be interesting to everybody, except Mr. Reed, who will have to decide.

Overtures have been made by friends of the administration to Republican Senators, to ascertain how much support can be obtained on the Republican side of the Senate for the attempt to kill the income tax by withholding the appropriation to put it into effect. Nearly all the Republican Senators would vote to repeal the income tax, but unless there is a great change, very few of them will vote to withhold the appropriation. It is believed that their mutual opposition to the income tax was one of the factors which brought about the recent reconciliation between Mr. Cleveland and Senator Hill.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Ill., has a way of stating things in a nutshell that has always made his opinion valuable to his colleagues in the House. He said of the present financial situation: "All this talk about gold disappearance is merely a cover for the fact that the revenues of the government are not sufficient to meet the expenditures. If Congress will provide sufficient revenue there will be no trouble about the currency."

THERE was recently purchased in Nova Scotia, by American capitalists, 800,000 acres of timber land. This purchase was made after the passage of the Wilson bill, which took the tariff from lumber.

AN OLD COLD.

Is Chronic Catarrh, the Worst Disease Known.

The first stage of catarrh is commonly called catching cold. It may begin in the head, nose, throat or lungs. In the majority of cases no attention is paid to a cold, therefore nearly half of the people have chronic catarrh in some form. To neglect a cold is to invite chronic catarrh.

The second stage of catarrh is sometimes called an old cold. If in the head, there is roaring, cracking in the ears, periodical headache, and confusion of the senses. If in the nose, discharge, sneezing, noisy breathing, and bad breath. In the throat it produces enlarged tonsils, hawking, sore throat, hoarseness or weak voice. When the catarrh reaches the bronchial tubes and lungs it produces cough, pain in the chest, expectoration, night sweats, loss of flesh and shortness of breath.

A cold in the head, which a single bottle of Pe-ru-na will cure, soon becomes a case of chronic catarrh, which will require many bottles to entirely cure. A sore throat, which one bottle of Pe-ru-na will cure, soon becomes chronic pharyngitis or enlarged tonsils, which will require many bottles. A slight cough, which, without a vestige of doubt, would soon disappear with the use of Pe-ru-na, becomes chronic bronchitis, which requires a persistent use of Pe-ru-na for some time. There are a great many cases of consumption each year due directly to a neglect of coughs, colds, etc., which, if Pe-ru-na had been kept in the house and used according to directions, would have been prevented.

For a free treatise on catarrh, coughs colds, consumption, and all diseases of winter, send to The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

GROVER and David B. have stepped from their high and exalted positions and fallen upon each other's necks and wept tears of joy at the reconciliation. Heretofore each of them claimed to be the self constituted leader of the unterrified, but they have finally discovered that they are not the Napoleons in politics they supposed themselves to be, and consequently have hidden the bowie knives in their boot legs and pretended to make up. But it is only a surface peace, not lasting; the first ripple will rouse the anger of each instantly, and trouble will break out anew. Their relations have been so strained in the last two years that it will be almost impossible to maintain peace at any price.

WE sincerely hope that the present Congress will kill the income tax by refusing to pass the necessary appropriation to carry it into effect. It is an unfair and unjust tax, and would make endless litigation in our courts, and would never bring sufficient revenue to help our depleted treasury out of its present trouble. It would cost the government more to collect the tax than it would get out of the taxables. The Declaration of Independence says: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal." The income tax bill seems to ignore that important truth and says, that some should pay a tax, while others go free. There is no question that wealth should be taxed, but let it be on a fair and equal basis. Let us stick to that great and fundamental truth which opened the eyes of the world 118 years ago, when our forefathers declared themselves free from the unjust tax thou of King George III.

HON. H. T. REYNOLDS, of Lewisville this county, secured the position of Assistant Seargent-at-Arms in the Senate. W. G. Wilbor, also of this county, had a strong indorsement for the place, but notwithstanding his popularity, the appointment went to Mr. Reynolds, Senator Bannon may yet learn that he cannot disregard with impunity the expressed wishes of the Republican party in Potter county.—*Potter Journal.* It could hardly be expected that Senator Bannon could support W. G. Wilbur after the stand he took when Mr. Bannon was nominated, Mr. Wilbur was a most rabid opponent to Mr. Bannon when Potter county Republican committee was called together to reject the nomination. Mr. Wilbur was the last one of the committee to give in and now after so short a time, to ask Senator Bannon to appoint him Assistant Sergeant at Arms was asking more than Wilbur had a right to expect of the Senator.

Money for Everyone.

I can't understand why people complain of hard times, when any woman or man can make from $5 to $10 a day easily. All have heard of the wonderful success of the Climax Dish Washer; yet we are apt to think we can't make money selling it; but anyone can make money, because every family wants one. I made $478.36 in the last three months, after paying all expenses and attended to my regular business besides. You don't have to canvass; as soon as people know you have it, for sale they send for a Dish Washer. Address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for particulars. Go to work at once, and you will very soon have a full pocketbook and a light heart. I think it a duty to inform each other of such opportunities, and I also think it a duty to improve them while we may. Try it at once, and publish your experience so others may be benefited.

Court Proceedings.

At the argument court which convened here on Tuesday, Hons. A. G. Olmsted and T. A. Morrison were both present. There were 19 cases on the list, but a number were continued.

Judge Olmsted refused a new trial in the case of the city of Bradford vs. J. B. Fox. This case has been tried twice. In the first trial Mr. Fox was victorious, and the second trial was won by the city. It is now thought the case will be carried to the supreme court.

In the motion for a new trial in the case of C. E. Douglass vs. A. J. Edgett, Judge Morrison files an opinion that a re-examination of the evidence leads to the conclusion that the verdict for $1,600 is too large. But as the case has been tried twice and it is evident the plaintiff is entitled to a verdict for some amount of damages resulting from the Fisher dam injunction, it is the judgment of the court that the evidence will not fairly support a recovery of more than $900. The court orders that if the plaintiff will, within 10 days, release all of the verdict in excess of $900, judgment will be entered for this amount with costs. If not, at the expiration of 10 days the verdict will be set aside and a new trial granted.

Capt. Chapman presented the petition of J. L. Seyfang, David Bovaird and A. W. Lewis, stockholders in the Bovaird & Seyfang Manufacturing company, for themselves and other stockholders, asking the court to discharge the receivers, James E. Cochran and Thomas H. Kennedy appointed Dec. 1 '91. The petitioners express their appreciation of the efficiency and integrity with which the said receivers managed the trust conferred upon them. All of the creditors of the Bovaird & Seyfang Manufacturing company have joined in signing an agreement for the discharge of the receivers. The receivers will pay all claims under $500 in full and pay in cash 25 per cent. of all unsecured claims in excess of $500. The creditors give an extension of time upon the rest of the indebtedness.

The license of the Kane house was transferred to Thomas Fleckenstein; James McDade and Robert Fitzpatrick sureties.

The Manufacturers' Gas Co. and the Citizens Light and Heat Co. have filed in the recorder's office an agreement of consolidation as the Manufacturer's Gas Co.; capital $150,000.

J. C. Greenewald president, and T. A. Elvon, secretary, of the Citizen's Hose Co., have brought an action in assumpsit against J. W. Ruble. A similar suit has been brought by the officials of the hose company against James Casey. The members of the company seek to recover money alleged to be due them.

In the case of the city of Bradford vs. R. T. Lain, a bill to show cause has been granted why the city should not file an additional bill of particulars setting forth every taxpayer who has paid taxes to ex-treasurer Lain and what amounts remain unpaid on the duplicates.

The exception to the report of the viewers on the proposed road from Rutherford Run turnpike to the one leading from Bradford to Custer, in Bradford township, were sustained and the report of the viewers set aside.

The motion for a new trial in the case of D. T. Drew against the Bradford board of trade, was not argued, as the case has been adjusted.

J. H. Houghtaling vs. Alice Houghtaling. Divorce granted.

Fred G. Wilber vs. Mary L. Wilber. A petition in divorce was granted.

The petition for the Star Hose Co., of Port Allegany, for dissolution, was granted.

The most remarkable cures of scrofula on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is unequalled for diseases of the blood. Take only Hood's.

GROVER C., blinded by his fanatical free trade hobby, has persuaded his friends to place his arms around the two pillars of American prosperity, protection and reciprocity and by the power relegated to him by the people of this nation, like Samson of old, has torn down the whole structure and ruined himself, and his own party as well, and paralyzed the industries of the country. It will take years of good practical legislation to place the land back to its former position that the great Grover found it in less than two years ago.

CIGARETTES AND THE TEETH.

A Dentist Says the Nerves In Them Are Killed by Nicotine Poisoning.

"There is one bad result of constant cigarette smoking that very few people know anything about," said a Brooklyn dentist. "The result itself has been apparent to me and to all dentists for a long time, but the cause has been a mystery until very recently. For years the nerves of teeth in every other way perfect have been found dead. A careful examination of a dead nerve found in an unexposed tooth recently revealed the fact that it had been poisoned by nicotine, and thereby the mystery referred to was solved. Nicotine poisoning from cigarette smoking is killing the nerves in the teeth of smokers. It is a most serious state of affairs, although most people will not understand. They think a dead tooth is as good as a live one. They will find their mistake some day.

"A young woman whom I have known for some time came here the other day and wanted a tooth attended to. I worked on the tooth some time, and some of the instruments I used should have made her scream a little bit. But she never made a sound, and I naturally concluded that the nerve of the tooth was dead. It surprised me because the tooth was a good one and the nerve unexposed. Well, I extracted the nerve, and the minute I saw it I knew what was the trouble.

"'Do you want a live nerve left in your head?' I asked.

"'Why, of course,' she replied.

"'Then stop smoking cigarettes,' I said.

"'Why, doctor, what do you mean?' she began. Then she put on a great show of indignation.

"'My dear young lady,' I said, 'what's the use of talking so? I'm a dental surgeon and know a thing when I see it. You have been smoking cigarettes for a long time, and my advice was given in a perfectly friendly spirit.' Well, she collapsed then, acknowledged the truth of what I had said, and that ended it. I don't think that cigarette smokers figure this result of nicotine poisoning in with the many other injurious effects of the weed, but to my mind it is the most dangerous of all."—New York Sun.

A FAMOUS NOVELIST.

A Graphic Pen Picture of Hall Caine and Something of His Character.

Hall Caine is said to resemble Shakespeare in the keen intelligence of his features and in the intellectual height of his prominent forehead. He possesses a highly nervous organization, and his first novel came near bankrupting him in health. His best work is done after midnight in the early morning hours. He is a native of the isle of Man, a Manxman, and is 45 years old, or thereabouts. Much of his time is spent in travel, when he exerts his powers of observation and gathers material for future use. His home is in the English lake country, overlooking Derwentwater and above the town of Keswick. It is called "Hawthorns."

The novelist is also at times a poet, as he occasionally writes some verses for publication. He has decided religious tendencies, which take the form of investigation. He contemplates writing a life of Christ, and as he excels in terse, epigrammatic sentences his style would be in the direct line of Biblical truths. He is conscientious and painstaking in all his literary methods, and his readers recognize in him one who has sincerity as a superstructure for every romance of which he is the architect.—New York Advertiser.

Equal to the Occasion.

A Yorkshire farmer, having a horse to sell at a fair, sold it to an army contractor. Meeting him at the same fair the following year, the army buyer walked up to the farmer and said indignantly: "The horse I bought of you was a thorough fraud. It was no use for the army." The dealer was not to be abashed, but replied, "Well, try 'im for t' navy!"—Philadelphia Record.

The New Year

Finds Hood's Sarsaparilla leading everything in the way of medicines in three important particulars, namely: Hood's Sarsaparilla has

1. The largest sale in the world. I accomplishes

2. The greatest cures in the world. It has

3. The largest laboratory in the world. What more can be said? Hood's Sarsaparilla has merit; is peculiar to itself and most of all, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. If you are sick, it is the medicine for you to take.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now an opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. F. R. Foster's Drugstore also A. B. Armstrong's.



Chronic Nervousness

Could Not Sleep, Nervous Headaches.

Gentlemen:—I have been taking your Restorative Nervine for the past three months and I cannot say enough in its praise. It has

Saved My Life,

for I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was a chronic sufferer from nervousness and could not sleep. I was also troubled with nervous headache, and had tried doctors in vain, until I used your Nervine. MRS. H. WOOD, Ringwood, Ill.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

LITERARY NOTES.

The frontispiece to *Harper's Magazine* for January (published December 21) is an excellent portrait of the late Count of Paris, drawn and engraved by Florian—an illustration for an article entitled "The Fortunes of the Bourbons." The second instalment of Mr. Thomas Hardy's new novel, "Hearts Insurgent" (the continuation of "The Simpletons" under a new title), is the striking record of an episode in the life of the young Wessex hero, having the complete interest of an independent short story, though intimately connected with Jude Fawley's subsequent fortunes. Mr. Julian Ralph contributes an important article on "Charleston and the Carolinas," with twenty-seven illustrations. This paper is the first of a popular series on the resources and development of the New South.

It is an important question how the few dollars that each family can afford to spend yearly for current reading shall be invested in order to secure the most satisfactory results. In this matter, as in so many others, the article that costs the least money is not always the cheapest. Better one carefully edited, comprehensive, high class journal than half a dozen inferior ones. The first thing to be sought in making a selection is a combination of papers that will keep the members of the family, old and young thoroughly informed as to the leading events of the day. Naturally and properly the first paper on the list for home reading is the home paper. To supplement the home paper nothing else will be found so generally satisfactory in scope, in material and in manner of treatment as *Public Opinion* a 32 page weekly journal published at Washington, D. C., at $2.50 per copy and sold by newsdealers everywhere at 5 cents a copy. *Public Opinion* is devoted to the reproduction of carefully selected and condensed extracts from the best dailies, weeklies and monthlies, both American and foreign. Write for particulars of *Public Opinion's* new special offer of extra cash commission for obtaining new subscriptions. The offers are free to every one and range from $1,250 down to $20.

Almost Blind

Inflamed Eyes and Running Sores

The Success of Hood's Causes Great Rejoicing—A Perfect Cure.



Miss Cora B. Ebert
Barnesville, Pa.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I feel it a duty to state what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I was almost blind, being compelled to stay in a darkened room on account of inflammation of the eyes. I also suffered with running sores on my body. I was in terrible condition. My mother tried every thing she knew about and I was attended by two doctors but without helping me. Finally Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I had not taken two bottles before I began to get better. The inflammation left my eyes and the sores healed, and the result was that

I Became Stronger,

and was restored to perfect health. At that time I was only twelve years old; now I am nineteen and I have not since been troubled with my eyes or noticed any sign of a return of the sores on my body. I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood purifying medicine." MISS CORA EBERT, Barnesville, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Everyday Prices WITH US.

1 paper needles 1c, 1 paper gold eye needles 4c, 1 paper pins 1c, M. E. pins 4c, 1 spool Coats' 00 thread 4c, 6 slate pencils 1c, Linen shoe strings 1c pair, Leonori's spool silk 8c, button hole twist 2c, Men's cotton socks 5c up, Ladies' cotton hose 9c up, Men's wool socks 18c to 25c, Ladies' wool hose 25 to 38c, Children's hose 8c to 25c, Corsets (The Racket) 45c, Children's waists 25c, Featherbone corsets 88c, Children's waists 32c, Ladies' Cotton Ederdown wrappers $1.69, Ladies' Sateen Wrappers $2.00 to $2.64, Ladies' long sleeve heavy ribbed pants and vests 25c, Ladies' long sleeve heavy fleeced pants and vests 34, Men's underwear 45c, 62c, 75c and $1.00.

Men's Shoes 95c, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50, $2.00 up, Boy's Shoes 80c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.38, $1.50 and $2.00, Ladies' Shoes 98c, $1.25, $1.38, $1.50, $2.00 up, Children's Shoes 25c, 28c, 35c, 48c, 69c up. Call and examine our goods.

RACKET STORE

175-177 Union St.,
OLEAN, - - N. Y.

PALMER & THOMPSON,

Livery, Feed and Sale

STABLES.

Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.

Prompt attention to orders by wire.

ARMSTRONG, THE JEWELER,

Has a large stock of Silver and Plated Ware, Watches and Clocks, Jewelry and Holiday Novelties.

LOOK FOR HIS NEW ADVERTISEMENT,

Which will appear soon.

BLACKSMITH SHOP,

Thos. McGraw, Proprietor,
East Smethport, Pa,

Having opened business in the above place, I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of wagons, horseshoeing, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

B. H. & Co.

Buffalo, Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1895

Success of the January Sale

A week ago we began selling perfectly new goods at the lowest prices ever quoted. The response was quick and the sales big—proof conclusive that values are exactly as represented. City people have a chance to see the goods, handle them and compare. Which means they know exactly what they are doing when they spend their dollars here.

The sale is a great big bounding success. It represents very special bargains in

—New Linens
—New Cottons
—New Shirts
—New Sheets
—New Pillow Cases
—New Dress Goods
—New Muslin Underwear

and other goods of equal interest. We're making it worth your while to buy now for a year to come. You've no idea how much money you really can save until you learn exactly what we are doing

An easy way to learn is to watch the Buffalo papers. We answer all letters promptly and fill mail orders same day as received.

New Carpets:

We're ready in advance with new Carpets for Spring—over 2,000 rolls being opened out within the past few days. Instead of waiting till everybody else is in a hurry why not figure out your Carpet wants now and get first pick of the new styles

There's this consolation—Carpets are cheaper now than ever before and nowhere are values better than right here.

Barnes, Hengerer & Co.

INSURANCE.

Fire insurance written in the leading companies. Life and Accident Insurance in the most reliable companies of America.

PIANOS

Of the following first-class manufacturers: A. B. Chase, Bush & Gertz, Malcom Love and Woodward & Brown, sold for cash or on installments.

ORGANS

Of the very best mades, sold for cash or on installments, at reduced prices.

SEWING MACHINES.

Will sell Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson machines hereafter for cash at a

Reduction of $25 00

from the list price of each machine, at my store. Now avail yourselves of this grand offer.

Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music, Needles, Oil, and all kinds of Fixtures for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

C. A. BURDICK.

Salesroom, Reilly Block,
Smethport, Pa.

ARMSTRONG'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

A Full Line of Drugs and Standard Patent Medicines.

A specialty of Perfumery, fine Stationery, Scrap Books, Card Albums, Celluloid Toilet Sets, Pocket-Books, Writing Desks, Views, Dressing Cases, Family Bibles, Standard Authors, Christmas Cards, Excelsior Diaries.

All Kinds of Fancy Goods.

You ought to get

Dr. Day's Strong Cough Syrup.

Smethport, Pa., January 2 1895.

Beginning Saturday Jan. 5 we will close out all our winter Hats and Bonnets at less than half price.

Also—We will then have on sale the best line of Remnants ever offered by us. We will not quote prices as you can see for yourselves.

MRS. T. D. NASH.

Bulletin No. 1 For 1895

WE SELL { Reliable Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Warm Footwear, Underwear, Hats, Umbrellas, Rubbers.

JANUARY

finds us still overstocked with desirable clothing, therefore our sensational sale will be continued for a short time yet. This means much to people of limited means. It means that they can get more value than ever before the same money. Witness:

A GOOD BUSINESS SUIT----$8.00
A KNOCKABOUT SUIT-------$5.00
A WARM OVERCOAT--------$5.00
A BOY'S SUIT-------------$2.25
A BOY'S OVERCOAT--------$2.25

At these prices you take your choice from a stock aggregating nearly $20,000 in value. Material, fit and style perfect. More goods than we want is all. You can make a big saving on every dollar's worth you buy, by trading at

Ford's Red Front Clothing House,

Best Place to Buy Clothing and Footwear,

158-160 Union Street, - OLEAN, N. Y.

HAVE YOU READ THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES THIS MORNING?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper. Specimen copies of any edition will be sent free to any one sending their address.

TERMS—DAILY, $3.00 per annum; $1.00 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week. SUNDAY EDITION, twenty-four large and handsome pages—168 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2.00 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $5.00 per annum; 50 cents per month. WEEKLY EDITION, 50 cents a year.

Address all letters to

The Times,
PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITOL RESTAURANT,

Cor. Main and Union Sts

Everything the market affords kept for our patrons.

We will furnish the people of Smethport with bread and all kinds of pastry for their tables at reasonable prices.

Oysters in various styles.

Mrs. L. V. VALENTINE,
Proprietor.

JOHN MILLER.

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

CUTS OF LATEST STYLES

Free for the Inspection of Customers.

Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

- ROOMS -

EAST OF THE WRIGHT HOUSE,

ON MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

OLEAN MUSIC CO.

WHO BUYS OF US RUNS NO RISK!

Because we sell famous makes only.
Because we take back free anything unsatisfactory.
Sounds generous doesn't it?
We can afford to offer more than most dealers, because we know all the quirks about

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

We have the facilities for giving longer time and easier terms than any house in this vicinity. Our 16 years experience in the business enables us to buy goods at such figures with which we defy competition

BRANCH OFFICE

MAIN STREET,
Smethport, Pa.

A. D. DOYLE, Agt.

CASH FOR YOUR Heading Bolts!

We want your BASSWOOD and heading bolts for CASH. Bolts to be delivered either at Olean or at W. N. Y. & P. stations. Write for circulars and Price List.

BALED SHAVINGS

(BASSWOOD AND PINE)

SUITABLE FOR STOCK FARMS, NURSERIES, ICE, BEDDING AND PACKING PURPOSES,

in compressed bales, 36x18x14, about 280 bales to car. Price named delivered and on cars at Olean, N. Y.

Joseph Lovecraft & Son,

—Established 1856.—

Mills at East Olean and Rochester.

Address, Box 333, OLEAN, N. Y.

HARD TIMES MADE EASY!

Christmas Prices Lower Than Ever!

Go to the Cash Store of

D. C. YOUNG

And note the reduction in price of

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS.

Buy the things you need and have money enough left to buy your CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

All goods in my store bought for CASH and sold for CASH or its equiqalent. No bad debts to make up off cash customers.

New line of DRESS GOODS at reduced prices.

WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SHOES cheaper than ever.

Finest line of Christmas Goods ever shown in Smethport

Fine Florida Oranges a specialty.

Flour 75c, 90c and $1.15 per sack

All the other Provisions and Groceries at equally low prices.

SMETHPORT, PA., Nov 16, 1894. D. C. YOUNG

H. W. RUBIN & CO.

(AT THE OLD STAND)

ARE NOW READY TO SHOW THE PUBLIC A COMPLETE LINE OF

FALL CLOTHING FALL

CONSISTING OF

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits

OF THE LATEST PATTERNS AND STYLES.

Prices are as LOW as they can be bought in the City, while the quality is GUARANTEED. Money refunded if not as represented.

Also carry in our MERCHANT TAILORING Department the most complete stock of Foreign and Domestic Goods.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED AT ALL TIMES! SUITS MADE UP ON SHORT NOTICE!

We carry a FULL LINE of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Men's Shoes, &c.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE STORE

WE CARRY A FULL OF LINE

READY-MADE CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, &c.

J. G. WILLIAMS

FRESH & SMOKED MEATS,

POULTRY and OYSTERS,

Groceries & Provisions,

Canned Goods, &c.

The public are invited to make a careful inspection of my stock and prices.

J. G. WILLIAMS,

Main St., above Grand Central SMETHPORT, PA.

IT IS { ATTRACTIVE ORNAMENTAL PLEASING

The HOLIDAY STOCK

AT

McCOY'S DRUG STORE,

ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kroeger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.

Smethport, Aug. 4th, 1894.

BARBER SHOP,

Alfred Sturdveint.

Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.

Shaving and Hair-Dressing

In the latest style of art.

None but first-class workmen employed.

Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

Charter Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN APplication will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday, January 25, 1895, by Norman Shultz, J. H. Ralph, C. H. McCauley, Jno. G. Whitmore, A. A. Clearwater and C. W. Soettigue under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of natural gas companies," approved May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Wilcox Gas Company," the character and object whereof is the producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas in townships of Jones, Ridgway and Highland in the County of Elk, and the townships of Wetmore and Sergeant in the County of McKean, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. C. H. McCAULEY, solicitor.
Ridgway, Pa., Dec. 31, 1894. 4t.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

OUR

CLOAK SALE

STILL CONTINUES.

Take advantage of the opportunity and get a

GARMENT

at half price.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF

WOOLEN GOODS

And

Lumbermen's Supplies.

COMPLETE STOCK OF FRESH GROCERIES.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

220 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Kittredge Opera House,

TO-NIGHT!

DAISY BEVERLY,

Supported by her own Company in the Romantic Melodrama in Four Acts,

"SILVER BIRD,"

An exquisite story of heart and home, sparkling with humor and merriment.

LITTLE PANSEY.

The wonderful and bewitching child actress, will appear in delightful songs and dances.

The Shetland pony, "Prince," and the trotting dog, "Spot," display almost human intelligence in playing their parts.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 11, 1895.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearage, otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We send every man's paper every week and the trouble is with the mails when not received.

☞ Remember that for $1.75 we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly TIMES one year.

LOCAL NOTICES.

A cutter and buggy for sale. Will be sold cheap. For terms apply to Emil Thamm, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—A responsible and energetic man to handle Lightning Rods in McKean county. E. K. Hunt & Co., 8 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.

The sensation sale at Ford's Red Front will be continued for a short time. Ford is still overstocked and is offering great inducements to unload. Look up his new adv. and note the inducements held out to secure your trade.

Special.

Mrs. A. M. French, who is located in the Reilly block, has secured the services of a first-class dressmaker from one of the most fashionable shops in Bradford to assist her during the holidays. Your patronage is solicited, feeling assured that you will be pleased with the work.

Special Notice.

Dr. G. H. Snow, oculist and optician, will visit Smethport, Tuesday Jan. 15th. His services will apply to diseases of the eye and the scientific adjustment of spectacles. His equipment comprises all modern implements necessary for successful work in this field. Examination free. Office with Dr. McCoy and 135 Union St., Olean.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Argument court.

—Ice houses are being filled.

—How about the athletic club?

—Subscribe for the MINER for 1895.

—The county auditors have commenced their labors.

—What is the matter with organizing a camera club in Smethport.

—Judge Morrison is determined to put a stop to all games of chance.

—Rev. J. W. Sanborn preached two very able sermons last Sunday.

—A. E. Hughes has been appointed jury commissioner's clerk. Shake, Al.

—The election booths at Port Allegany will be removed to the new city building.

—The walk on the west side of the court house square looks as though it had been deserted.

—J. C. Breneman filled the large ice house of the Grand Central in two days last week; a quick job.

—Business men should get at their advertising now, and the MINER is the best medium for that purpose in this county.

—St. Andrew's Brotherhood held an open meeting last night, and all who attended pronounced it an enjoyable affair.

—The L. O. T. M. and K. O. T. M. will have a public installation at their hall next week Friday evening, the 18th.

—Last Monday Prof. Fell and his able corps of teachers took up their duties again after two weeks of rest and recreation.

—Little Ada Ness won the prize in the baby contest at the Bohemian Glass Blower's show last Tuesday night, receiving 37 votes.

—James A. Smith, of Grove township Cameron county, blew the top of his head off the other day. He is dead.—*Enterprise.* Strange.

—The late thaw had the effect of raising many of the large tributaries, and considerable damage was done to property by water and ice.

—There will be a joint meeting of the K. O. T. M. and L. O. T. M. at their hall on Monday evening, at 8:30 o'clock to perfect arrangements for the public installation services to be held Jan. 18th.

—There was a young man arrested on Sunday at Johnsonburg and held for examination on the charge of being implicated in the murder of Harry Peoples.

—I. N. Hoadly died Sunday night at his home in Bradford, of Bright's disease, at the age of 65 years. He had been a resident of the oil regions for about 20 years.

—A. W. Colegrove has recently purchased the interest of W. T. Caller, druggist, on Main street, and will hereafter dispense the medicine of health to those in need.

—The large store at DuBois, belonging to Messrs. Bell, Lewis & Yates, was burned last Sunday. The loss will reach $25,000. It is thought to be a case of incendiarism.

—The ladies of the M. E. church gave a ten cent supper at the church parlors on Wednesday night, which was quite well attended. A good social time was experienced.

—Read the prospectus of the Philadelphia *Times* in another column. It is an Independent Democratic newspaper, and one of the handsomest papers which comes to this office.

—We have received from O. I. Hood their beautiful calendar for 1895. This firm always excel in this matter, and this year's calendar is the handsomest one they have issued.

—The county commissioners reappointed E. M. Kerns, clerk; T. F. Richmond, attorney; T. H. Ryan, superintendent of poor farm; Dr. J. C. Brown, physician; Dennis Quinlisk, janitor.

—John C. Edwards, of Corryville, is announced this week as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township. We are informed that this gentleman is worthy in all respects for the position he seeks.

—We received this week an unsigned communication for publication. We wish the writer would make himself known as there are points in the case we would like to understand a little better.

—We are obligated to Rev. G. W. Halliwell, special agent of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association in Northwestern Pennsylvania, for a memoranda tablet calendar issued by the company he represents.

—Salamanca residents are supplied with water by a private company, which charges patrons $8 a year per faucet. It costs residents over $10,000 per annum for their supply. A municipal system is talked of.

—Pat was climbing a ladder to the top of the house. When he stuck his head out of the skylight he disturbed the quiet of a parrot, which screamed out "stop that! stop that!" "Excuse me" says Pat, "I thought you was a burd."

—An unusually large sale of timber was made on Saturday last, when Elias Deemer of Williamsport, sold to Goodyear & Co., of Buffalo, the timber on ten thousand acres of land on the West Branch of Pine creek.—*Galeton Gazette.*

—J. M. McElroy, Esq., has been appointed clerk of the House Judiciary Committee at Harrisburg. We congratulate Mr. McElroy on his good fortune and the committee on the wisdom of their selection. He is eminently fitted for the position.

—J. D. Beaver, agent at Larrabee, while stirring the fire in the R. R. station, at that place, last Sunday, causing a gas explosion, burned his face quite severely, but hopes are entertained that no serious results will follow. It was a very fortunate escape.

—Will Voorhees, who was so unfortunate as to break his leg on the first of November, was taken to Bradford on Monday, to be placed under the charge of Dr. Benninghoff. The Young Men's Social Club intend to give the unfortunate young man a benefit in the near future.

—On Wednesday the county commissioners received a communication from Clermont that Mrs. Klaluff was violently insane. Yesterday Com. Jewett and Supt. Ryan went to Clermont and brought the poor woman to the county house. The chances are that she will be sent to Warren.

—The road over Bush Hill towards Port Allegany is simply fearful. In some places the snow drifts are almost impassable, and in other places the water has run down the sleigh track on one side and cut clear through to the ground, making it almost impossible to pass over with a sleigh. Other places are entirely bare.

—We have received invitations to attend the second annual ball of the Minnewaskie Tribe of Red Men, to be held at Coudersport on Jan. 21. If time would permit we should be glad to accept the invitation of Chiefs "Never Sweat" and "Get a Heap Fat," but we thank the worthy tribe just the same for their cordiality.

—The meat market of John F. Rooney was burglarized on Monday night. The robbers gained an entrance at the rear of the building by removing the putty from a window glass, 12x24 inches which gave them a chance to reach the fastening and raise the window. They secured about $4.50 in cash. The robbers were very careful not to make any noise.

—During the week there has been a very spirited contest going on at Port Allegany over the removal of the postoffice to the new city building. Those in favor of removal finally carried the day, much to the chagrin of the lower Main street faction. It is reported that Ches King has developed into a first-class orator over the postoffice fight.

—We call attention this week to the announcement of A. T. Stranahan as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township. This gentleman is too well known in his township to need any special comments from us, but we feel assured, judging from our brief acquaintance with him that he has the ability to perform in a satisfactory manner the duties incumbent upon him should he be elected.

—On Monday evening last some ardent slave of the tobacco habit was so sorely pressed for means to satisfy his craving for that weed that he endeavored to smoke the large wooden cigar which graces the front of Emil Thamm's store on Main street. It evidently did not draw well as he parted with it at the Bergstresser House. Evidently "Spot" was not on hand to "shoot" it, as it was found there next day in good condition.

—Constable Burlingame, of Smethport, came here armed with a warrant for the arrest of a glass worker, on a delicate charge, preferred by a young lady who is now a resident of Smethport. The papers were placed in the hands of Constable Looker, and the culprit was soon before the bar of justice, as presided over by Squire Gillis. The prisoner waived a hearing, and gave bail for his appearance at the next term of court. It is hoped the young man will see the error of his ways, and do honorable justice to the unfortunate girl he has ruined, or be made to do so by the court.—*Kane Republican.*

—J. A. Moore, of Wetmore, has a record for chicken raising that he should feel proud of, and one that will be hard to beat. He has raised about 100 head of poultry, worth in the neighborhood of $50. To do this he has used but $18 worth of grain, which is all the feed used, except the refuse from the table. He has sold and eaten $40 worth, and still has about 50 chickens on hand that will average five pounds each.—*Kane Republican.*

—At a recent meeting of the Smethport Band the financial question was debated. The band, under the efficient leadership of John Chadwick, is improving and already ranks as one of the best bands in the northwestern part of the State. This organization would be a credit to any city, and the citizens of this place should do all in their power to maintain its existance. It has to depend almost exclusively on voluntary contributions for its support, as it almost invariably gives its services when required. If the citizens are called upon, they should contribute as liberally as possible.

—A few weeks since one of our townsmen, who lives on King street, came down stairs in his "robe de chambre," intending to go and take a bath, arriving at the foot of the stairs, he became somewhat solicitous about the welfare of his thermometer, it having hung on the porch that fearfully cold night. As he stepped out on the porch, he forgot to turn the dead latch; consequently as the door closed, our investigating friend began to think he had discovered the north pole. Then commenced such a ringing of the door bells as was never heard before. A lady of the family was in one of the rooms down stairs but having heard the man of the house come down, thought, of course, he would be prompt to answer the bell. The wife was up stairs, but knowing her husband had gone down, took it for granted that he would let the early caller in. The bell kept on ringing and the air began to get blue with the ejaculation of praise that flowed from the lips of the gentleman on discovering his delightful situation. It required considerable exercise to keep the blood at a proper temperature. The exhibition that was given of the light fantastic dancing, without music, only word accompaniment furnishing the motive power, would have been appreciated more than the best minstrel show in the land. The unfortunate man, being a devout churchman, the only phases heard were, "Oh, Lord; it is delightful to be able to enjoy the early morning air; but why don't they answer the bell.—!—!—!—! We will venture the prediction that our friend will see that the dead latch is properly adjusted before he ventures out on an early morning with mercury at 18 degrees below zero in a costume that would be more befitting the Island of Cuba than the northern parts of Pennsylvania.

Western Penna. Press Club Meeting.

The Western Pennsylvania Press Club met at Erie, Pa., on Friday, the 4th of this month, and a permanent organization was effected, with Col. L. Rogers as president, P. C. Boyle, of Oil City, secretary, and W. F. Cowan, of Warren, treasurer. The adoption of by-laws and constitution required considerable time, as every point was scrutinized very closely.

The constitution provides for active membership of publishers, editors, reporters, contributors, and all persons connected with newspaper writing or publication management, and an honorary membership limited to twenty-five. The initiation fee is $1.00 and dues $3.00 a year, payable quarterly. The officers are as given, with a governing board consisting of one member from each county in the club. Permanent headquarters are to be established in Erie, where all meetings are to be held. The meetings are to be quarterly, on the first Friday in January, April, July and October, and the annual meeting is the January one.

After the adoption of the constitution the treasurer opened his books for business, and the roll was signed. Counties got together and elected a governing board. It was as follows:

Lucius Rogers, P. C. Boyle, F. S. Phelps, W. F. Cowan, ex-officio.
Clarion county, W. I. Reed.
Venango county, J. B. Borland.
Crawford county, A. W. McCoy.
Forest county, J. B. Muse.
Elk county, W. H. Baker.
Warren county, E. Walker.
McKean county, Burt Olson.
Erie county, W. P. Atkinson.

A motion made by Mr. W. P. Atkinson was adopted to incorporate the club and he and the secretary appointed to have it done. Another resolution was adopted to have the secretary see that the club was affiliated with the International league, and authorizing the president to appoint at the proper time three delegates to the league convention.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Board of Trade for the use of their rooms.

Adjournment was taken after President Rogers had said that he hoped this club would do something, and he was tired of the State association which was only an outing club.

The spirit manifested was fraternal in a high degree and there was nothing but business from start to finish.

Those present were:
Lucius Rogers, Kane *Republican.*
C. W. Tryon, Spartinsburg *Sentinel.*
Burt Olson, Smethport MINER.
Willis Cowan, Warren *Mall.*
C. L. Taft, Warren *Mirror.*
J. H. Wade, Cambridge *Enterprise.*
W. H. Baker, Ridgway *Advocate.*
P. C. Boyle, Oil City *Derrick.*
Frank Black, Warren *Democrat.*
J. B. Borland, Franklin *News.*
Clark Eckels, Cambridge *News.*
J. B. Muse, Tionesta *Vindicator.*
J. E. Rupert, Conneautville *Courier.*
A. W. McCoy, Meadville *Star.*
E. Walker, Warren *Mirror.*
W. I. Reed, Clarion *Democrat.*
Mrs. Cable, Bradford *Era.*
H. Penske, Meadville *Free Press.*

From Erie were W. P. Atkinson and Wm. Wallace, *Herald*; Messrs. F. S. Phelps, Liebel, Mead and Smith, from the *Times*; F. G. Gorenflo and H. Held, *Tageblatt*; S. W. Bolles, *Dispatch.*

In the afternoon Messrs. Thomas Davenport, of Albion, Prof. J. A. Cooper, of Edinboro, Murphy, of Girard, and A. J. Palm, of Meadville, were present at an informal meeting at the Reed House, but owing to business were obliged to go home.

Most of the gentlemen went east on the early P. & E. train this morning.

There will be out of this no doubt a strong and powerful newspaper organization. It starts well and on the right basis, of business before pleasure.

The name of N. H. Downs' still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public.

In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica & Oil Liniment on the chest.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

E. E. Heath was in Eldred Monday.

Wm. Dunbar, of Sweden Valley, was in town on Tuesday.

George Brownell is having a slight tussle with la grippe.

Rev. J. H. McCandless went to Pittsburg on Monday last.

Hon. George Griffiths, of Kane, was here on Monday night.

N. C. Gallup, of Colegrove, called at this office on Tuesday.

Miss Lula Keenan returned to Canada to attend school yesterday.

Mrs. Edith Kent, of Butler, Pa., visited friends in town on Monday.

Fred Backus left for Olean on Monday, where he has accepted a position.

Judge Olmsted and J. L. Knox, of Coudersport, came over Tuesday.

Fred Gallup had business in Kane on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Miss Nellie Backus returned Saturday from a week's visit with Olean friends.

E. S. Carpenter, of Larabee, was among our callers the first of the week.

W. K. Ford, of Big Shanty, was in town greeting his many friends Monday.

Mrs. D. H. Quinlisk has been confined to the house with a severe cold for a few days.

W. O. Marvin, of Kane, was in town on Tuesday, and greeted us with a pleasant call.

Prof. Fell returned home on Saturday after visiting friends in Ohio during the holidays.

Neil C. McEwen, A. P. Huey and G. W. Campbell were over from Kane on Tuesday.

W. O. Henry, F. A. Bickford and F. W. Blaisett, all of Bradford, were in town on Monday.

C. H. Skiff, agent for the Olean Music Co., registered at the Chautauqua House on Monday.

Mr. Kendall, of Coudersport, formerly of Port Allegany, was a visitor at the hub on Tuesday.

Cap't Mayo visited Buffalo last week to consult a physician, returning home much encouraged.

Tom Morrison, Ned Newman and Roy Gifford returned to Buffalo on Monday to resume their studies.

Mr. and Mrs. A. DeShetler and daughter, Phoebe, of Quinton, were in town the first of the week.

C. W. Catlin and W. R. Franklin, of Port Allegany, were registered at the Wright House on Tuesday.

R. J. Gifford and daughter, Miss Myrtle, returned home last Saturday after a week's stay in Philadelphia.

Attorneys J. M. McClure, D. H. Jack and Robt. Edgett, of Bradford, and P. R. Cotter, of Eldred, attended court on Tuesday.

Mr. A. P. Brewer, of Norwich, called on Wednesday and made our hearts glad with several subscriptions to the MINER—triplets.

M. T. Shultz, the liveryman of Port Allegany, braved the snow drifts on Bush Hill on Monday last, but took a round about way home.

C. V. Bush, of Coudersport, came over Wednesday to do some decorating work on the Brownell residence. Charlie is an artist in that line.

Mrs. F. E. Brown, State Commander of the L. O. T. M., was in Smethport on Tuesday, attending the session of Brown Hive in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corson, of Kane, were guests at the Central on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Corson has retired from the hotel business.

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bell drove over to Kane, spending Sunday with friends in that delightful town, returning home Monday.

Mr. J. R. Hackett, one of McKean county's old residents, made this office a pleasant call on Wednesday and arranged for the MINER for another year.

W. W. Brewer, E. W. Long, H. F. McIntyre, Edward Malone and wife and Miss Lizzie Malone, of Mt. Jewett, were at the Wright House on Tuesday.

Miss Nell Brewer Griswold, who has been visiting the Misses Keenan during the holidays, returned to her home in Hornellsville on Saturday morning.

Mrs. A. B. Walker was in Bradford the first of the week, placing her youngest daughter in school. Ash said keeping bachelor's hall was not to his liking.

Mrs. M. B. Greer was taken quite sick on Sunday last. She improved somewhat in the early part of the week, but had a relapse and is still confined to her bed.

F. D. Cummings was called to North Clarence, N. Y., on Monday by a telegram announcing the sudden death of his father, Charles Cummings, which occurred on Sunday.

F. C. Olds, of Crosby, was in town on Monday. Mr. Olds informed us that his father was at his home quite sick. We hope the old gentleman will soon recover his usual good health.

Mrs. Calvin Combs came to the house of Jonathan Colegrove on Tuesday last, where she was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis. Dr. John Clark is attending her. She is 78 years of age.

S. E. Barrett, of Elmira, spent several days in town, and he is such genial and pleasant company that his departure caused tears to flow from the eyes of some of our charming young ladies.

The Misses Haycroft, Kirkland, Burch and Nourse, all teachers in our schools, were at their respective homes during the holidays, but are now actively engaged in the discharge of their duties.

Little "Baldy" Backus is the best representative of a Brownie we ever saw, with his little top-knot cap and his clownish capers. It is a rare treat to observe him as he plays with his companions.

H. C. Gleason departed for Oberlin, O., last Saturday, where he will take a course in photography for three months. We wish the young artist success in his undertaking, as he has displayed considerable ability already.

James N. Hackett, son of George W. Hackett, of East Smethport, has returned to his school at Rochester, intending to remain for some time. James is one of those boys who improves his time, and the MINER wishes him success.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dunn, of Gattysburg, Miss., were guests at the Grand Central last week, while on their way to the sunny south. How we do envy the fortunate couple; while we are up here shivering with the cold, they are down in the south gathering roses.

We glean from the Kane *Republican* that Editor Burt Olson, of Smethport, attended the North Western Editorial Association held at Erie, Pa., on the 4th inst. Evidently Bro. Olson is in the swim.—*Enterprise.* Thanks, Bro. Do not fail to join us at the next meeting, in April at Erie, Pa.

AN INFORMAL PARTY.

The Old Folks Meet at the Grand Central and have an Enjoyable Time.

In the early part of the week S. E. Barret, a travelling man from Elmira, suggested having an old people's party at the Central. Mine host Breneman being agreeable, Wednesday evening was set apar for the occasion. Mr. Barret invited the guests, and a happier lot of people never met anywhere. There were about sixty, all told; just enough to nicely fill the dining hall, where the dancing was carried on. The Heath brothers, with Harry Knapp, furnished the motive power, and everyone present seemed to enjoy it to the utmost. At 12 o'clock dancing was suspended and arrangements made for supper. There was table room enough to seat all the guests, and they thoroughly enjoyed the lunch that was furnished. When supper was over the decks were again cleared for action, and another hour was spent in enjoyment, winding up with that enlivening dance, the "Monie Musk," in which all united in bringing out all the energy that remained in their bodies.

At 2 o'clock the guests took their departure, all feeling satisfied that they had enjoyed one of the old time parties, when people went for miles in their ox sleds for the purpose of having a good time. Mr. Barret, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Breneman are deserving of the thanks of the whole company for the efforts they put forth to entertain the guests.

At the Jour de L'an ball we did not feel equal to the task of giving the name of the belle, but in this case we have no hesitancy in saying that Capt. Chapman carried off the title in the old folk's dance. These little informal gatherings help break the ice of stiff formality, and make our social relations more pleasant. We hope to have more of them, now that we have experienced such a pleasant time. We were requested to tender through the MINER the thanks of the company to A. D. Doyle, of the Olean Music Co., for his kindness in loaning us an organ.

Public Installation.

The installation of the officers of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. in open meeting last Thursday night a week was one of the most enjoyable affairs we have attended in a long time. Judge Morrison in an able manner laid down the gavel of office, when Installing Officer J. M. McElroy took charge and in an able and impressive manner installed the officers to their different stations in the Post. Then followed the installation of the Woman's Relief Corps. Mrs. Helen S. Morrison as installing officer discharged her duties in that line to the admiration of all assembled. She is a woman of remarkable ability and seems to enter into the duties relating to the Woman's Relief Corps as though her heart and soul were in the work. After the installation of officers, the retiring commander, Judge Morrison, in a few words thanked the Post for the honors conferred upon him. Then Rev. J. W. Sanborn gave a history of his war record which elicited rounds of applause, followed by Rev. G. W. Halliwell in his usual happy style, which was heartily enjoyed by all present. The commander then introduced Mrs. Morrison, who gave an address couched in the most beautiful language, every sentence delivered in a rich and clear tone that would have done credit to a professional speaker. When the speeches were finished, the ladies of the Corps produced an elegant lunch, presented in their usual happy manner. Everyone was most heartily welcome, and all seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost. The ladies of the Women's Relief Corps are doing a noble work, one that is highly commendable, and every one who is able should aid them all in their power. How much good could be accomplished if we had such pleasant meetings oftener.

Smethport Building and Loan Association.

At a meeting in the recorder's office of the Smethport branch of the Chautauqua National Building Loan and Saving Association, of Jamestown, N. Y., on Jan. 8, 1895, at 8 o'clock p. m., the following officers were elected for one year:

President—Ash B. Walker.
Vice President—Burt Olson.
Sec. and Treas.—D. H. Quinlisk.
Attorney—Sheridan Gorton.
Directors—George W. Mitchell, Samuel E. Bell, James McCabe, T. J. Gilbert, A. E. Stickler, Homer H. Choate, A. B. Walker, Burt Olson, Sheridan Gorton.
Appraising Committee — Samuel E. Bell, Homer M. Choate, James McCabe.

Board meets in the Court House on the second Monday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m., at which time applications for loans will be approved and applications for stock received.

A Fine Dramatic Company.

The Daisy Beverly Little Pansy Company that has been playing at the Opera House this week has given the best of satisfaction to the large audiences in attendance. The company is exceptionally talented and strong. All characters in the caste carry their parts finely. Miss Daisy Beverly, the leading lady, bewitching little Pansy and Charles Mortimer, the leading gentleman, made great hits and scored well deserved triumphs. Other members sustained their parts well. The specialties introduced by Messrs. McDowell and Evans, Miss Stevens and Little Pansy were received with unstinted applause, and deserved the hearty encores that were given them. The company is under skillful management, and is a clean one in every respect.—*Knoxville Courier.*

Important Gas Deal.

A large natural gas deal that has been on hand for some time is reported closed between the United Natural Gas company, the Matson Oil company, the Devonian Oil company, L. E. Hamsher, W. R. Weaver and C. P. Collins.

Rumor has it that this deal also includes a large tract of gas property in Elk county, which O. W. Proper recently purchased and which it is said C. P. Collins was largely interested in. The deal also conveys to the United Natural Gas company, for a term of years, all the gas belonging to the various parties in the Ormsby field.—*Era.*

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of the Smethport Hose Co., held on Friday evening of last week, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be extended to the ladies and the citizens who contributed to the purse of $100, and the bountiful supper presented to the Hose Boys on Dec. 7, 1894.

Resolved, That a of vote thanks be extended to the Smethport Band for services rendered during the engagement of the Reno & Williams Co., for the benefit of Smethport Hose Co.

List of Letters

remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Jan. 5 1895:

Biles, Mrs. J. A.	Beckwith, Miss. Nora
Hutchins, Mrs. Anna	McCloskey, John
McCually, Mrs John	McDonald, John
Otto, Miss Jennie	Stevens, Elmer

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

W. P. WALSH, Postmaster.

THE KING AND ORIGINATOR

of Low Prices on Dry Goods and Cloaks in Olean is still cutting right and left in every department, reducing the large stock to the lowest notch at prices to please the public.

HAVE YOU ANY MONEY

to invest in a Fur Cape?

A Handsome Cloak for Ladies, Misses and Children. Over two hundred garments yet to select from at MARCUS' Cloak Department.

50 Ladies' Cloaks from $3 up to $14.
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30 Plush Cloaks at a low price.
100 Ladies' ready-made Wrappers from 60c to $1.
75 Muffs and Children's Fur Sets at

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153 UNION STREET, OLEAN, N. Y.

A Sad Event.

Thomas B. Albert, one of Bradford's popular young men, was found lying dead on the Stone farm, in the Bennett Brook valley, on Wednesday morning. The place was Company C's rifle range. It appears he had gone there for the purpose of testing a repeating rifle for a friend, having previously told his mother where he was going. We take the following extracts in relation to the matter from the Bradford *Star*:

What happened at the range will never be fully known. What is known, however, is that arriving there he erected a target 150 yards away from the gun rest used by the marksmen while at practice. This target was constructed of a board resting against a stump. A square of white paper with a bull's eye marked in ink was tacked upon this upright board. The deceased then went back to the gun rest, which was made of three upright posts with a board nailed along near the top on each side of the posts. This rack stood about three feet high. He threw his tools at the foot the rack and began his test of the rifle. He fired 11 shots, each striking the paper not being nearer to the bull's eye. The first was about seven inches low but directly below the "bull." No. 2 was a trifle higher, No. 3 still higher and so on until No. 11 was fired. After he fired each shot he walked up to the target to see the effect and with a lead pencil he numbered the different bullet marks. These facts deduced from the articles found on the range, the tracks in the snow from the range to the target, etc. Nothing more is known.

Thomas B. Albert was 21 years, 2 months and 10 days of age. He was born in Marietta, O., and has lived in Bradford many years. His father, M. F. Albert, formerly City Controller in Bradford, died at Meridian, Miss., only last fall and this last blow falls particularly hard upon Mrs. Albert. She has the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community.

Thomas Albert was a young man who might number as his friends, every man, woman and child who knew him. He was honest and upright, courteous and good natured, a thorough gentleman and a friend worth having. His comrades in Company C by whom he was particularly beloved and who were more than proud of his prowess with a rifle will sadly miss their favorite. He was known throughout the state as a crack marksman and won honors at regimental, brigade, division and interstate contests.

The most plausible theory yet evolved is that given out by a friend who knew the habits of the deceased and who was familiar with his actions on the rifle range. It is to the effect that Mr. Albert was sitting on the protruding root while oiling the gun and using the gun rest to steady the weapon while sighting. As he was putting the sights in shape so as the gun would shoot more accurately, he turned the piece with the muzzle toward him to alter the forward sight. While doing this he probably struck the trigger against the gun rest and discharged the piece. This would account for the bullet hole straight through the chest and would cause the man to fall over backwards, as he lay when found. The recoil of the gun would throw it away from his hands and the stock being heaviest would strike the ground first, throwing the muzzle away from the body of the shooter. This is the only plausible theory yet advanced and is one that is entitled to credit.

A Hunting Incident.

A few years since your scribe and a couple of other gentlemen were out hunting together in the southeastern part of Potter county. It being rather noisy under foot, owing to the frozen snow, they were compelled to drive the deer—that is, one of the party would follow on the track, while the other two went around and stationed themselves on the runway and waited for the deer to come along. At the second attempt to head the deer off, one of the watchers was standing on the brow of a high mountain when the deer came along the side hill below him, and seeming to be somewhat suspicious, they stopped, and one of them elevated its head just high enough so that the hunter could see part of it, at which he shot, knocking out most of its teeth. The two deer jumped down the hill and were out of sight instantly, and started to run around the next high point, but the hunters were there ahead of them, and the same man had another slim chance to try his luck at the running game. This time he hit one of the hind legs of the same deer, breaking the bone at the gambrel joint. The deer started down the mountain, and when they arrived at the foot, the wounded one laid down, while the uninjured one remained on guard, where they were discovered from the summit of the hill by the hunters, two of whom tried a long distance shot at them, but with little hopes of hitting the game.

The well deer ran away, but the wounded one did not move. The hunters started down the mountain, and arriving on the scene, your scribe went over where the well deer stood when shot at to see if, by chance, it might have been hit, while the other two walked over where the wounded deer lay. The oldest hunter rested his Winchester against a large hemlock log beside which the deer was lying, and taking out his knife, he took the deer by the head, intending to cut its throat. As soon as the point of the knife touched the skin, the deer gave a spring, knocking the hunter's knife out of his hand, and jumping over the gun resting against the log. By some chance the broken bone of the hind leg was thrust through the guard of the gun, which instantly commenced one of the most rapid manual at arms that was ever witnessed in this world.

The deer could not run, but the way that gun was jerked around was a sight to behold, and to see the two hunters dodging to avoid being shot by the accidental discharge of the gun in the deer's hands—no, legs—was better than a circus. My, but they did hug the ground; they did not appear to be thicker than case knives. Your scribe just rolled on the ground and yelled to see the fun. If the deer had shot them both, we could not have done a single thing to have avoided the accident.

After a long time the deer quieted down a little, when a shot in the head put an end to the only military exhibition ever given by a deer. But if there ever were two frightened hunters, whose blanched faces rivaled the whiteness of the snow, it was the two who were unwilling witnesses of the poor deer's unfortunate contact with a Winchester rifle. We think this is the only case where a deer captured the hunter's rifle and came near killing the owner.

The man whose gun the deer captured is well-known to a number of persons in this county, and has been a great hunter for years, but he frankly acknowledged that he never was so badly frightened as he was when the deer went gunning for him.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

PORT ALLEGANY.

Snyder and Bishop are just humping themselves on their Skinner Creek lumber job. They now have nearly forty teams engaged in hauling logs to the Dalrymple mills, and will undoubtedly add more teams as the roads become more broken. These gentlemen are experienced lumber jobbers and understand how to make the most of a week's sleighing. We are informed that they have between five and six million feet to haul.

Comrade E. B. Kelly, of Canton, Pa., was in town the past week, the guest of his son, Prof. C. B. Kelly, of our graded school. Comrade Kelly did his country valiant service in the sixties as a member of the gallant 12th N. Y. Cav., and relates many thrilling incidents of the North Carolina campaign under the noted Gen. Palmer.

Miss Paulina Larrabee had the misfortune to fall upon the ice on New Year's day and fracture the right arm, near the elbow. The fracture was reduced by Drs. J. V. Otto, of this place, and Floyd, of Austin. At this writing Miss Larrabee is reported as getting along very comfortably.

Will Allen, an old and esteemed resident of this village, having secured a lucrative position with the Olean street R'y Company, moved his family to that city on Thursday of last week. Many friends of that worthy couple wish them happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Ole Olson, of Oleona, made a short, but pleasant visit in town one day last week. Mr. Olson is one of those honest, gentlemanly fellows whom it is always a pleasure to meet.

Misses Bertha Hall and Vada Coleman, after spending the holidays with their parents, returned to their studies at the Clarion State Normal School last Thursday.

Miss Grace Sartwell, who spent the holidays in the pleasant home of her parents, returned to school in Hornellsville, N. Y., on Monday.

Miss Lou Bartle and Mrs. Belle Davis, of Buffalo, were in Coudersport last week, the guest of their sister, Mrs. C. L. Young.

A party of young people took advantage of the delightful sleighing to drive to Austin on a pleasure trip last Wednesday.

The many friends of Dr. W. W. Rinn are pleased to learn that he is fast convalescing from his recent severe illness.

Mine host Van Buren, of the Crowell House, Coudersport, was in town on business last Thursday.

Mrs. A. M. Selden and daughter visited friends at Salamanca during the past week.

R. G. Bartle had business at the Potter county hub, last Friday and Saturday.

M. A. Lillibridge is doing Kane and Ridgway this week.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, several cats.

FARMER'S VALLEY.

The Christmas tree at the Curtis school house was largely attended, and a highly enjoyable time is announced by all who were present.

Mr. Atwood Putnam and his sister, Carrie, of Colegrove, spent Christmas with their cousins, Misses Esther and Theresa Swort.

Misses Winifred Raeder and Edith Mosier left on Wednesday of last week for Lock Haven, where they will resume their studies.

We are glad to announce that Mrs. Reubin Hooker, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is able to be around again.

Master Melvin Ferris visited friends at Crosby and Colegrove the fore part of last week returning home Thursday.

The New Year's dance given at the residence of Comrade Herzog by the Bromley brothers was a dead failure.

Miss Ella Smith, who is teaching at Lock Haven, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casper Smith.

James Lane, of Portville, visited his brother, Pat. Lane, of this place, one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Ellis attended the Baptist church at Smethport on Sunday last.

Rev. T. E. Evans and wife spent New Years in Custer City with Mrs. Evans' mother.

Mrs. Frank Palmer, of Alfred Center, N. Y., visited relatives in this place last week.

Misses Ella and Edith Young, of Smethport, visited relatives in this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Pendleton, of Clermont, are stopping in this place.

Claude Shattock, of Olean, visited friends in this place last week.

W. H. Swort transacted business in Buffalo on Saturday last.

Mr. A. Tyler drove to Smethport on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Vet. Stull is quite ill at his home in this place.

Pat Lane drove to Portville on Sunday.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years; and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. S. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport Pa.

All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by F. B. Foster and A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggist.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance.

Shedd's Little Mandrake Pills remove the poisonous matter from the system and thus cure constipation and biliousness.

TOWER SHOE STORE OLEAN, N.Y.

$3.00

Now buys $5.00 worth of wear in a LADIES' Button, Hand Turned or Welt Sole SHOE, Needle Toes and new Extreme Narrow Square.

We want every one of our Customers to see these Shoes. We never have seen as good value in shoe leather before.

Send for Sample Pairs.

BLOODSWORTH & CO.,

SHOE HUSTLERS, OLEAN, N. Y.

DEMOREST SEWING MACHINES

$19.50.

Regular $55 Machines.

They cost about $11 to manufacture — just what modern, high grade machines about all cost.

There is nothing that you pay for salesmen's expenses.

You pay no agent's commissons.

You pay for none of the losses and costs of installment plans

You simply pay the least that such a machine can be sold for; sold in the most economical way

We make the claim that we can save you $35 on a sewing machine. We believe that it is time to stop the extravagant profits of makers and sellers of sewing machines.

HARNESS

We are making leaders of some harness prices. We have placed all on harness prices below competition.

$8.00 to $35.00

BLANKETS

An assortment embracing everything, from all kinds of $1.00 blankets up to the best grades made.

MILL SUPPLIES

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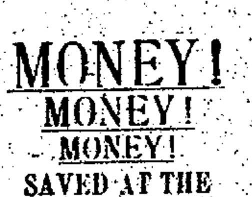
BLACKSMITHS' SUPPLIES

Belting—Pipe—Tools—Simond's cross-cut saws—you never find anything lacking.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,

BRADFORD, PA.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! SAVED AT THE



HOO-HOO.

LUMBER YARD!

By HOLMES & GILFILLAN, Smethport, Pa.

Washington Red Cedar

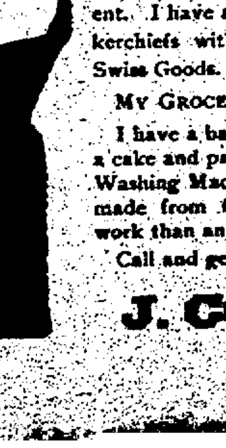
Pine and Hemlock--Very best



Flooring, lath, ceiling, siding, windows, doors, mouldings of every description; anything furnished in the building line.

CALL! and see their stock. 10 car loads of furnishing stock just received; more coming daily. Their stock will please you. Mail orders promptly shipped.

J. COLEGROVE



A tie like this "cut" would make an elegant present. I have a full line of staples such as Silk Handkerchiefs with initial on, Linen and Embroidery Swiss Goods.

MY GROCERY DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE.

I have a bargain in Soap. Buy 3 bars at 5 cents a cake and pay One Dollar and get a Five Dollar Washing Machine or Folding Ironing Table. Soap made from Crude Oil. Guaranteed to do better work than any soap made.

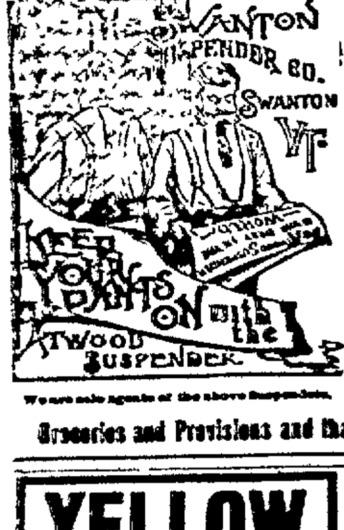
Call and get full information and prices.

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TO CALL AT
P. D. HOPKINS,
Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,
Where can be found a full line of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, &c
OUR FLOUR is just elegant try it.
We are pleased to inform you that we shall hereafter sell BURKE'S DRAGOON TEAS, the finest ever brought the American Continent.
Buy of us to-day and you will to-morrow.
Remember we are agents for the Clothing House, of G. W. Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Smethport, Pa. P. D. HOPKINS.

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GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
a twenty page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER, and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its "Agricultural" department has no superior in the country. Its "Market Reports" are recognized authority. Seperate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.
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SMETHPORT, PA.,


We are sole agents of the above Suspenders.
Announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and embraces many
Novelties in Every Department,
Designed for the
EVERY-DAY-TRADE.
OUR EPICUREAN DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Good, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.
OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Damasks, &c.
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We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens.
Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market

YELLOW
Are a symptom of Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint.
DR. BAXTER'S MANDRAKE
BITTERS
will cure the disease and remove yellowness from skin and eyes. Warranted to cure. Sold everywhere at 25 cts. per bottle.
For Sale by H. C. Wells.

H. WARSHAFSKY,
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GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
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T. H. PURTLE
General Blacksmithing,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORK
WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.
Having bought out the carriage and wagon making business of John Servatius, I am now prepared to do all work in the above lines.
Carriage Painting A Specialty.

NEW -:- FURNITURE
SPECHT & SASSE
We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our store.
DON'T FAIL TO CALL
before making a purchase elsewhere
Undertaking in all its branches a specialty.
Corner of Main and Union Streets. SMETHPORT, PA.

HELD UP BY SNAKES.

AN ARMY ENGINEER'S EXCITING NIGHT IN THE NORTHWEST.

A Walking Stick That Had Nineteen Rattles—Roosting on a Bowlder and Surrounded by Wolves—A Buzzing Noise That Is Far From Musical.

"We reached the Wolf mountain, in the Big Horn country, one day in September," said H. P. Tuttle, formerly an army engineer, "while to the south were dimly visible the outlines of the Rattlesnake mountains. These names were given to these mountains by both the Crow and Sioux Indians, who regarded them with horror. Late on the afternoon of our first day in these mountains I sent all of my party to camp, about two miles to the southwest. Going forward with my transit to where I had sent my head flagman, I placed it in position and told him he could return to camp, as I had to remain in order to make an astronomical observation early in the evening.

"Taking off his belt, which held a huge revolver and a sheath knife about a foot in length, he handed it to me, saying that I might need it after dark, as he had just seen a small pack of wolves ahead. After he had gone I looked over the ground about me and saw that I was on a flat topped hill covered with large bowlders and small stones, but entirely destitute of vegetation. Seating myself beside a big bowlder, I took out my notebook and began writing up my notes for the day, when darkness suddenly reminded me that it was about time to make my astronomical observations. This was soon over, and I started off at a brisk walk toward our camp.

"I had not gone over a hundred yards when I saw, a few feet ahead of me, a long, black object lying directly in my path. I wanted a walking stick badly, and was stooping down to pick it up when I noticed the end of it farthest from me was white. Taking a match from my pocket and tearing a leaf from the back of my notebook, I soon had the desired light, and what was my horror to see that the supposed stick was nothing but one of the deadly green rattlesnakes, completely paralyzed by the chilly night air.

"Another light showed that the white object was the snake's rattles. So old was he that his rattles had turned white. Holding my revolver within a foot of his head, I fired and blew it entirely off. But now came another surprise, which for a moment made me tremble. The report of my revolver had awakened dozens of rattlers who had sought shelter under the loose rocks before sunset. The sounds came from all directions, and some seemed close to my feet.

"To one who has been in the forest and heard the noise made by hundreds of locusts he can readily realize my situation, for the buzz of a rattlesnake is exactly like the buzz of a locust. The only thing now for me to do was to stand in my tracks all night or make my way back to the bowlder from which I started, but there was a difficulty, for in the excitement I had forgotten the direction. But 'where there is a will there is a way,' and by stooping low down and scanning the horizon I soon detected the outline of my transit against the sky, and cutting off the rattles I was soon beside the bowlder and filled with excitement enough for one night.

"Sitting down by the bowlder, I made up my mind to pass the night at that spot and was soon sleeping as soundly as one can in the open air, with only a canvas coat and the mercury below freezing. About midnight I was suddenly aroused by something trying to pull off the shoe from my left foot. In an instant I caught the glaring eyes and outline of a wolf. He had given up his grip as he saw me move, and mechanically I seized my revolver, which I had left lying in my lap, and fired as best I could with my half frozen hand.

"A loud yell showed that he had been struck, and immediately a dozen or more wolves who had been close by set up a howling, which in the still night air could have been heard for miles around. For an hour or two all was quiet, when a solitary howl a few yards from me was answered by a dozen others not 100 yards away. It was too dark to see an animal of the size of a wolf more than 20 feet away, but, trusting to luck, I took the direction of the pack as near as possible and sent three shots at them as rapidly as I could fire.

"A couple of yells showed two had been hit, most probably by glancing bullets. Soon after this the howling of the wolves ceased, and for awhile all was quiet again.

"As soon as it was light enough I picked up the string of rattles which I had secured the night before and found there were 19, and as the 'button' was missing he may have had several more. A few rods from my transit lay the cleanly picked bones of a wolf which one of my random shots had killed during the night, and on which the coyotes had made a substantial meal, but, not satisfied with this, they had devoured the big rattler I had killed, head and all.

"Returning to camp, I ordered one of my men to cut ten small poles, not less than eight feet in length, and to wake me up at 10 o'clock. At that hour we all started for the place where I had passed the night. Here we found, as I had expected, the warm rays of the sun had brought out the snakes from their hiding places to bask in the sunshine.

"We were greeted with a defiance not unlike that of a thousand July locusts, and the work of destruction began in real earnest. In one hour and ten minutes our bag contained 213 rattlers, varying from one foot to over three feet in length, and of a dark green color. Only two were found whose rattles had turned gray. We could have destroyed hundreds more had our time not been too valuable to waste in such sport. We saw but few rattlers after leaving this point, but the wolves made night hideous until we reached the Little Missouri river, a month later."—Kansas City Journal.

Meant For the Minister.

A popular minister in Fifeshire, in the good old times, used at Christmas to be inundated with hampers filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer, but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner the bird was sent to the market and sold.

A passerby, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said, "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner!" To the minister it was again sent.

The provident wife sent it again to the market and sold it again for a handsome sum.

Another friend, similarly struck with the splendid proportions of the turkey, purchased it and sent it to the minister. The good woman, not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, said at last:

"It is clear that the Lord means us to have this turkey," and with the approbation of the family it formed part of the Christmas dinner.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Woman.

The director of a Chicago bank tells about how his wife overdrew her account at the bank last month. "I spoke to her about it one evening," says he, "and told her she ought to adjust it at once. A day or two afterward I asked her if she had done what I suggested. 'Oh, yes,' she answered. 'I attended to that matter the very next morning after you spoke to me about it. I sent the bank my check for the amount I had overdrawn!'"

ECCENTRICITIES OF DICKENS.

His Dread of Railway Traveling—Strange Mirror Antics.

In some interesting "Recollections of Charles Dickens," in The Young Man, his eldest daughter tells how, after the railway accident which befell the novelist in 1865, he often suffered from a feeling of intense dread whenever he found himself in any kind of conveyance.

"One occasion," she says, "I specially recall. While we were on our way from London to our little country station Higham, where the carriage was to meet us, my father suddenly clutched the arms of the railway carriage seat, while his face grew ashy pale, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and though he tried to master the dread it was so strong that he had to leave the train at the next station. The accident had left its impression upon the memory, and it was destined never to be effaced."

Miss Dickens, when an invalid, was frequently carried into her father's study and lay quietly on the sofa watching the novelist at work. On these occasions she was sometimes witness of a curious proceeding in which the novelist indulged.

"Suddenly my father would jump from his chair and rush to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few minutes, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then, turning toward but evidently not seeing me, he began talking rapidly in a low tone. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time."

It was not till long afterward that Miss Dickens discovered that, with his natural intensity, her father had thrown himself into the character that he was creating, "and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the personality of his pen."

CANALS OF THE FUTURE.

They Will Be Large Enough For the Handling of a Heavy Business.

The history of the struggle between canals of small dimensions and of railroads has been the same in all countries. The fight raged bitterly for a number of years, the canals acting on the defensive, although they had as allies the states under whose patronage they were built and operated. The result has been the same in all cases—the unconditional surrender of the canals to the railroads. This, however, is not so much the fault of the system as of their management. The railroads have great advantages over canals. They are better able to abridge distances both by reason of superior speed and of facilities for overcoming elevations, spanning streams, free from danger of destructive floods, and piercing through the highest mountains, but their great success is mainly due to the fact that they have kept pace with the progress of the world.

Waterways built from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century were regarded ample to meet the requirements of trade at the time they were constructed, and there was in many instances a progressive improvement in their dimensions and appurtenances. But while the industrial, agricultural and commercial developments of the world have advanced to proportions not dreamed of a century ago canals have remained stationary. They are now obsolete and can no longer fulfill the requirements of cheap transportation in competition with railroads. The canals of the future must have the dimensions and the facilities for rapid transport to adapt them to the new conditions of commerce. They must not be barge or boat canals, but ample waterways for the free passage of such ships as are now engaged in carrying the world's trade. Of such canals we have now some important types in successful operation, and others in process of construction or in completion.—Chautauquan.

NOT A BRIDAL PARTY.

But the Massachusetts Man Wanted to Know All About It.

They were wandering up and down the waiting room of the Grand Central station, and neither seemed inclined to talk much, although from the glances they occasionally bestowed upon one another it was plain that there was a degree of relationship existing between them. Suddenly the young man left the young woman's side and crossed to the newsstand, where he purchased a paper. Returning, he conducted his companion to a seat.

Hardly were they seated before one of those inquiring individuals who must talk to somebody placed himself in the next seat and eyed them inquisitively, to their visible annoyance. He could not curb his propensity to talk, and thus began:

"Strangers in the city?"

"Yes," said the man shortly.

"Taking a train?" was the next query.

"Yes."

"Maybe you are going my way?" continued he of the inquiring turn of mind.

"Maybe. We are going to Boston."

"Ah, you belong there?"

"I do," was the man's answer.

"Fine city," went on the inquisitive one. "You don't see the papers filled up with divorces and scandals there as you do here. I belong to Massachusetts myself. Worcester is my home, and a divorce case or an elopement is a rarity. You seem to have gone into matrimony recently?" looking at them patronizingly.

"Rather," was the tired response.

"Might I inquire your business?"

"Certainly. I am a detective."

"On your honeymoon?"

"No," answered the detective, folding up his paper. "I'm taking back a prisoner."

"Why! You don't mean to say"—looking at the woman in astonishment.

"I do."

"I thought she was your wife."

"So she is, and my prisoner. To save you inquiry, she eloped with another man the day I married her, and I tracked her here."

"And you are taking her back to justice?"

"No, to marry her. I guess the job wasn't properly done, so we're going to do it over again."

"Is she from Boston too?"

"No. From Worcester."

"Oh!" The inquisitive man said no more.—New York Recorder.

Eloquence Interrupted.

During a political campaign, a well known lawyer in a western state was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers. Like a wise speaker—and a shrewd candidate—he tried to suit his speech to the occasion.

In a tone which he evidently considered both cordial and honest, and with a winning smile, he began:

"My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I myself was born on a farm and was, so to speak, reared between two stalks of corn."

Here his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the trumpet tones of a farmer in the rear of the hall.

"Jimminy crickets!" he shouted, "if you ain't a pumpkin!"

The house "came down," and the candidate, for the moment, at least, was fully embarrassed.—Youth's Companion.

The Sheriff of Siskyou.

(CONCLUDED.)

your prisoner for a day and a night. I don't want to get away. You can take what precautions you like—surround the house with policemen and sleep yourself in the anteroom. I don't want to destroy any papers or evidence. You can go through the rooms and examine everything before and after. I only want to stay there a day and a night. I want to be in my old rooms, have my meals from the restaurant as I used to and sleep in my own bed once more. I want to live for one day like a gentleman, as I used to live before I came here. That's all. It isn't much, Tom. You can do it and say you require to do it to get evidence against me or that you want to search the rooms."

The expression of wonder which had come into the sheriff's face at the beginning of his speech deepened into his old look of surly dissatisfaction. "And that's all you want," he said gloomily. "You don't want no friends—no lawyer? For I tell you straight out, major, there ain't no hope for ye when the law once gets hold of you in Sacramento."

"That's all. Will you do it?"

The sheriff's face grew still darker. After a pause he said "I don't say 'no,' and I don't say 'yes.' But," he added grimly, "it strikes me we'd better wait till we get clear of these woods before you think of your Sacramento lodgings."

The major did not reply. The day had worn on, but the fire, now completely encircling them, opposed any passage in or out of that fateful barrier. The smoke of the burning underbrush hung low around them in a bank equally impenetrable to vision. They were as alone as shipwrecked sailors on an island girdled by a horizon of clouds.

"I'm going to try to sleep," said the major. "If your men come, you can waken me."

"And if your men come?" said the sheriff dryly. "Shoot me."

He lay down, closed his eyes, and to the sheriff's astonishment presently fell asleep. The sheriff, with his chin in his grimy hands, sat and watched him as the day slowly darkened around them and the distant fires came out in more lurid intensity. The face of the captive and outlawed murderer was singularly peaceful, that of the captor and man of duty was haggard, wild and perplexed.

But even this changed soon. The sleeping man stirred restlessly and uneasily, his face began to work, his lips to move. "Tom!" he gasped suddenly "Tom!"

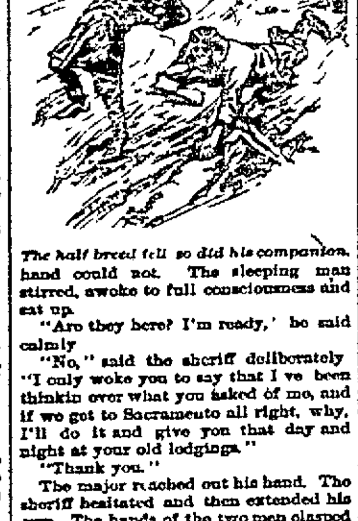
The sheriff bent over him eagerly. The sleeping man's eyes were still closed. Beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. He was dreaming.

"Tom," he whispered, "take me out of this place—take me out from those dogs and pimps and beggars! Listen, Tom—they're Sydney Duck's ticket of leave men, short card sharps and sneak thieves! There isn't a gentleman among 'em. There isn't one I don't loathe and hate and wouldn't grind under my heel elsewhere. I'm a gentleman, Tom—yes, by God—an officer and a gentleman! I've served my country in the Ninth cavalry. That cub of West Point knows it and despises me, seeing me here in such company. That sergeant knows it—I recommended him for his first stripes—for all he taunts me, d—n him!"

"Come, wake up!" said the sheriff harshly.

The prisoner did not heed him. The sheriff shook him roughly, so roughly that the major's waistcoat and shirt dragged open and disclosed his fine silk undershirt, delicately worked and embroidered with golden thread. At the sight of this abased and faded magnificence the sheriff's hand was staid. His eye wandered over the sleeping form before him. Yes, the hair was dyed, too, near the roots it was quite white and grizzled, the pomatum was coming off the pointed mustache and imperial, the face in that light was very haggard, the lines from the angle of the nostril and mouth were like deep, half healed gashes. The major was, without doubt, prematurely worn and played out.

The sheriff's persistent eyes, however, seemed to effect what his ruder



The half breed fell so did his companion.

hand could not. The sleeping man stirred, awoke to full consciousness and sat up.

"Are they here? I'm ready,' he said calmly.

"No," said the sheriff deliberately. "I only woke you to say that I've been thinkin over what you asked of me, and if we get to Sacramento all right, why, I'll do it and give you that day and night at your old lodgings."

"Thank you."

The major reached out his hand. The sheriff hesitated and then extended his own. The hands of the two men clasped for the first, and, it would seem, the last time.

* * * * *

For the "cub of West Point" was, like most cubs, irritable when thwarted. And having been balked of his prey, the deserter, and possibly chaffed by his comrades for his profitless invasion of Wynyard's Bar, he had persuaded his commanding officer to give him permission to effect a recapture. Thus it came about that at dawn, filing along the ridge, on the outskirts of the fire, his heart was gladdened by the sight of the half breed, with his hanging hammock belt and tattered army tunic, evidently still a fugitive, not 100 yards away on the other side of the belt of fire, running down the hill, with an other ragged figure at his side. The command to "halt" was enforced by a single rifle shot over the fugitives' heads, but they still kept on their flight. Then the boy officer snatched a carbine from one of his men. A volley rang out from the little troop—the shots of the privates mercifully high, those of the officer and sergeant leveled with wounded pride and full of deliberate purpose. The half breed fell, so did his companion, and, rolling over together, both lay still.

But between the hunters and their fallen quarry roared the cheval de frise of flame and fallen timber, impossible to cross. The young officer hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, wheeled his men and left the fire to correct any irregularity in his action.

It did not, however, change contemporaneous history. For, a week later, when Wynyard's Bar discovered Major Overstone lying beside the man now recognized by them as the disguised sheriff of Siskyou, they rejoiced at this unfailing evidence of their lost leader's unequaled prowess. That he had again killed a sheriff and fought a whole posse, yielding only with his life, was never doubted and kept his memory green in Sierran chronicles long after Wynyard's Bar had itself become a memory.

THE END.

VOICES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

I felt the breath of the expiring year
Pass in the moaning breeze, and to my sight
Glistened each star, as 'twere a frozen tear
Upon the mute and lonesome face of night.
Time, in our breasts, that slumbers not nor sleeps,
Marks the faint murmur of eternity
As ever round with rhythmic impulse sweeps
Sweet little eddy of the life to be.

We look, and, lo! afar doth stretch the deep
With ebb and flow amid the storm and calm,
Raising its thunderous praises to heaven's steep
Or chanting to the shore a lowly psalm.
While in the ears that hear, from little hearts
That shrink and swell as with imprisoned love,
Steal o'er the silence of their inmost parts
The nearer echoes of a voice above.
—Thomas Harkness in Chambers' Journal.

THE NUMBER THREE.

Some Curious Superstitions Regarding It In the Popular Mind.

There is a superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus an article may twice be lost and recovered, but the third time that it is lost it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety, but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity. Thus we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three forked lightning of Jove and three headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions.

In mythology also we find three fates, three furies and three graces, and, coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with "Three Cups," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bells," "Three Tuns," "Three Feathers"—in fact, the number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown, and if we look back to the days of our childhood most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a sea voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken thrice daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three. But, although they may have no words to express higher numbers, perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.—New York Advertiser.

The Old Time Singing School.

In the old colonial days when the great and the great great-grandmothers were young the singing school was a well established institution, writes Mary E. Estes in a very accurate article telling exactly how "the old time concert" may be reproduced at a church entertainment in Ladies' Home Journal. It was usually held in the village schoolhouse, the schoolmaster often figuring as the singing master. Thither at regular intervals through the long winter months tripped the grandmas with their escorts. Little did they imagine as they lifted up their sweet voices in unison with the strong tenors and basses that those same airs, even the very gowns they wore, would at some distant day be reproduced for the benefit of an appreciative audience. Yet it may be safely asserted that with the exception of the colonial tea the old folks' concert is the most popular of the old time entertainments.

The success of an undertaking of this sort depends largely upon the adaptability for her office of the person having the affair in hand. She must of necessity have an accurate conception of the manner in which these entertainments were conducted in our grandmothers' day. She must also become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that olden time.

The Polite British Waiter.

The extreme politeness of the average English waiter is a continual source of merriment.

He thanks you when he brings your soup, again when he brings your napkin, when he takes away your plate, when he happens to find you looking at him—in fact, he says, "Thank you," at every turn, and says it in such a jerky, mechanical fashion that you cannot repress a smile. His example is followed by the bus conductor who thanks you for your fare and thanks you again when he hands you your ticket, and by the theater usher when he seats you, and by every servant you meet, in the most inappropriate manner. They overdo the "thank you" business, and always employ the same jerky manner and mechanical tone.—Chicago Record.

Budding Creatures.

Sea anemones and some other marine creatures of low degree increase their species by budding. A small knot or wart appears on the body of the animal, and by and by develops into a perfect, though minute animal of the same species, separates from its parent and sets up in business for itself.

A Tragic Complication.

"So you refuse me!" said Charley Callow bitterly.

"Of course," said the charming widow.

"Won't you even be a sister to me?"

"No. I'm engaged to marry your father. I'll be a mother to you."—Washington Star.

A pair of spectacles cost in the sixteenth century at least $5.50. It was fashionable to wear them, and the larger they were the better they were supposed to support the dignity of the wearer.

The swordfish does not use its terrible weapon as a dagger, but as a flail.

Relief in Six Hours.
Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, corns and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank R. Foster, Druggist.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins curbs, splints sweeney, ring-bone stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport Pa.

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T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism and two doses of it did me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

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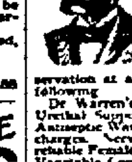
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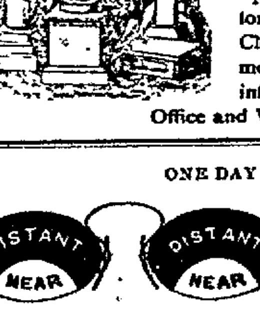
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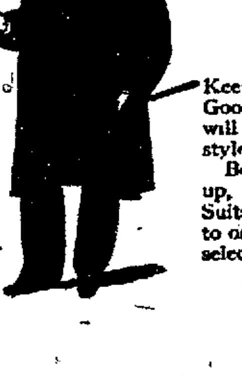
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V. Klappenbach.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TIME TABLE [illegible]

In effect [illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for Larabee [illegible], Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS, ... 9:16 A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL, ... 2:56 P. M.

Train leaving Smethport at 2:56 p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south.

CLERMONT MAIL, ... 7:12 A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMODATION .... [illegible] P. M.
LOCAL .... [illegible]

Clermont Mail connects through to Johnsonburg.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. Worner, Ticket Agent.

E. Bell, General Supt.
J. A. Fellows, Gen. Pas'r. & T'k. Ag't., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 25th, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION—EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 4, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m., [illegible] a. m. Sundays. Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway [illegible] p. m. for Erie.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 1 leaves Renovo [illegible] a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. [illegible] a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., Washington [illegible] a. m., Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Wilkesbarre [illegible] a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. [illegible] a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9.30	Ridgway	11.50
9.45	Johnsonburg	11.44
10.02	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
10.15	Straight	11.16
10.16	Instanter	11.10
10.2[illegible]	Smith's Run	11.04
10.32	Woodvale	10.56
10.40	Clermont	10.50

Connections are made with train L leaving Johnsonburg at [illegible] p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] p. m. also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 1:45 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

S. M. Prevost, General Manager. J. R. Wood, Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after June 17, 1894, passenger trains Between, Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania, will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett, daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

7 45 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

2 00 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

[illegible] p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

[illegible] a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

[illegible] p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

D. Lundergan, Agent Bradford, Pa.
Edward C. Lapey,
R. G. Matthews, Gen'l Superintendent, Buffalo, N. Y. Gen'l Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

TIME TABLE.
Took effect Monday, Nov. 26th, 1894.

1 a.m.	3 p.m.	5 p.m.	STATIONS. Ar / Dp	2 a.m.	4 p.m.	10 p.m.
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 3[illegible]	Keating		[illegible]	7.00
[illegible]	12 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	Cowley Junc.		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	2 0[illegible]	7 2[illegible]	Austin	6.30	1 15	[illegible]
—	12 01	[illegible]	Costello	6 30	1 [illegible]	—
—	11 49	6 [illegible]	Wharton	[illegible]	1 [illegible]	—
	11 39	6 [illegible]	Brooks	7 [illegible]	1 4[illegible]	—
	1 [illegible]	5 4	Hull	7 17	1 [illegible]	—
9	1 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	Cross Fork Jc	7 [illegible]	[illegible]	—
[illegible]	[illegible]	4 [illegible]	Germania	[illegible]	[illegible]	—
[illegible]	0 15	4 [illegible]	Galeton	[illegible]	[illegible]	—
7 [illegible]	[illegible]	4 22	Gaines	[illegible]	[illegible]	—
7 [illegible]	[illegible]	4 00	Ansonia	9 10	2 40	—
	[illegible]	p. m.	Dp. / Ar	a. m.	p. m.	
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	Cross Fork Br	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
7 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	ar Cr F'k Jc dp	11.15	2:[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	4 [illegible]	lp Cross F'k ar	11.45	[illegible]	[illegible]

Tr 6 leaves Keating [illegible] a.m. arr Austin [illegible]
Tr 7 leaves Austin 1.[illegible] p.m. arr Keating 2:[illegible]
Tr 9 leaves Keating [illegible] p.m. arr Austin [illegible]

H. Hutchinson, Train Master. C. W. Goodyear, Gen'l Manager.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Jan. 1, 1895.

Ar. Eastw'd. A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	STATIONS.	L'v Westw'd A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
10.56	7.50	12.55	Coudersport	[illegible]	1.30	[illegible]
10.53	7.50	12.54	Pine Creek Jc	[illegible]	1.32	[illegible]
10.51	7.47	12.51	Hammond	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.47	7.44	12.46	Fish Basket	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.44	7.42	12.46	Olmsted	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.39	7.46	12.41	Mina	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.32	7.42	12.34	Knowlton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.27	7.38	12.29	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.14	7.31	12.21	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.06	[illegible]	12.15	Coleman	[illegible]	2.14	[illegible]
10.00	7.20	12.10	Port Allegany	9.15	[illegible]	4.11

PINE CREEK DIVISION.

1 [illegible] p m	Coudersport	p m 2.40
1 02	Pine Creek Junction	2.38
1 09	Fair Grounds	2.32
1 12	Ladona	2.28
1 20	Sweden Valley	2.20

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McClure, Sup't.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

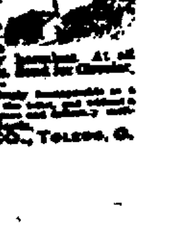
Direct lines between Bradford, Kane and the Elk county oil field.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JAN 1, 1895.

WESTWARD p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	STATIONS.	EASTWARD a. m.	a. m.	p. m.
7 40	—	[illegible]	ar. Bradford...lv	7 30	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	9 10	Kinzua Junct'n	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]	Bell City	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]	Rixford	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]	Alton	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	9 [illegible]	Davis	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]	Simpson	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]	Ormsby	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
—	—	—	Mt. Jewett	—	—	—
—	—	—	Kane	—	—	—
a. m.						p. m.

Jno. C. McKenna, Superintendent.

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